

April, 1891.

The Canadian QUEEN



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TORONTO, ONT.

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A Handsome Card and descriptive circulars FREE on application.

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200 Varieties, FREE!

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SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady answering this advertisement and naming the paper in which she saw it, we will send free, in addition to all the above, one package of the new and popular imported **Tropeolum Lobbianum** (assorted), containing "Luffler," "Spillies," "Vesuvius," and other luminous leaf of high degree, bright and highly colored. An abundant bloomer and easily cultivated. A beautiful climbing flower for vases, hanging baskets, old stumps, etc., most glorious in effect. Address: **S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.**

How to Take Care of a Piano.

With proper care and attention a good piano should last a family a lifetime, says Charles H. Steinway, the piano manufacturer. If this is not given it, the piano will in time become harsh and "tin-panny," and afford little satisfaction or delight to its owner. Ordinary practice whether by a child or a grown-up person, will not injure a piano in any way. It is not necessary to be a professional piano player, and to know exactly with what force to strike the key; in order to keep the instrument in good condition. Of course, it will not be improved by thumping the case, or by striking the keys with any hard substance. Neither does this remark apply to schools and institutions where playing is taught, and the instrument is used continuously for ten or twelve hours every day. In the latter case the felt portions will wear out sooner than if it was used in a private family.

The matter of tuning should not be neglected, and should never be intrusted to any other than an experienced person. Incapable tuners often work irreparable injury to the most perfect and costly instruments. During the first year a new piano should be tuned every three or four months at least. After that, it will only be necessary to have it tuned at longer intervals.

Dampness is the most dangerous enemy the piano has to contend against, and for this reason the climate must be considered. If the instrument is placed in a damp room, or left open in a draft of air, the result will be that the strings, tuning-pins and the various metal parts will become coated with rust, and the cloth used in the construction of the keys and action becomes swollen. It is positively painful to play on such a piano.

Statistics show that ninety-five out of a hundred men fail in business sooner or later, and the cases in which a firm sees fifty years of business life are extremely rare. It is certainly then a noteworthy case when a house dates its existence back to the close of the Revolution, as do Walter Baker & Co., the famous chocolate and cocoa manufacturers of Dorchester, Mass., who began business there in 1780, and for a hundred and ten years have made their productions the standard of purity and excellence all over the world. The immense increase in the consumption of their Breakfast Cocoa is largely due to their sagacity in setting and maintaining the standard of absolute purity in its production, thereby insuring its perfect healthfulness and the highest degree of nutrition. No chemicals are ever used in its preparation, but only the action of the cleanest and most exact mechanical processes upon the best materials; and at the Paris Exposition the gold medal for absolute purity and excellence was awarded to W. Baker & Co.'s preparations by the most eminent scientific authorities of Europe.

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ACT LIKE MAGIC

ON A WEAK STOMACH.

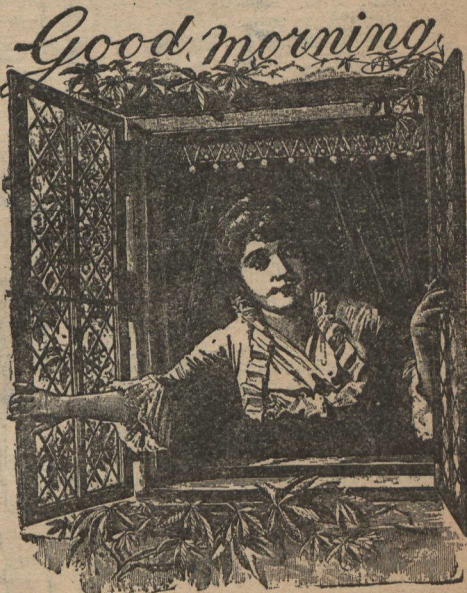
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Direct descendant of Joan Hart, Shakespeare's sister, has recently died in England. She was Mrs. Fletcher, and pursued gun-making as a trade. In this business she was extremely successful. Her chief pride was that she was the possessor of Shakespeare's jug and stick.



RING FREE! A sparkling gem of beauty. Our Genuine Chemical Diamond Ring, that would cost \$10 anywhere, can be obtained by you absolutely free. If you wish to secure this valuable present, measure your finger with a piece of string, to insure a perfect fit, then **cut out this Advt** and return to us with 10 Cts. in silver, and we shall mail you 15 Portraits of Actresses, The Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Flirtation, Lovers' Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Magic Square, 200 Selections for Autograph Albums, 73 Money Making Secrets, 20 Popular Songs, 84 Conundrums, The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, Morse Telegraph Alphabet, a Calendar for the current year, and a book containing hundreds of Tricks and Parlor Magic; also 30 COMPLETE LOVE STORIES. **W. SIMPSON, 27 College Place, New York.**

The Emperor of Austria has given a beautiful diamond set, worth 40,000 florins, to the German Empress for the occasion of the christening of her last infant. The magnificent gift has been conveyed to Berlin by the Archduke Eugene as the Emperor of Austria's representative.



HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FEB. 10th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the very elegant "After Dinner Silver Fruit Service," received by express Feb. 2nd. The intrinsic value of your grand magazine should secure an enormous circulation; but joined as it is to so many valuable bonuses offered, and within the reach of every subscriber—one of which I have so most unexpectedly received, leads me to believe that your genuine and generous manner of dealing with your patrons must lead to fame and fortune; remaining yours truly,
EVANGELINE MACDONALD.

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YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

GIBBON'S TOOTACHE GUM.



BEFORE

LOVELY WOMAN,

WHY will you tolerate Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Yellow or Muddy Skin, Moth Wrinkles, Red Nose, or any other form of Skin Disease or Facial Disfigurements.

WHEN you can certainly possess a BEAUTIFUL FORM, BRILLIANT EYES, SKIN OF PEARLY WHITENESS, PERFECT HEALTH AND LIFE WELL WORTH LIVING if you will only use **DR. AMMETT'S FRENCH ARSENIC** Complexion Wafers? THE WAFERS are for MEN as well as WOMEN.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS, and the only safe French preparation of Arsenic. \$1.00 per box, or 6 boxes for \$5.00. By mail to any address.

THE MIDDLETON DRUG Co., Cor. Greenwich and Cortlandt Sts., New York.



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MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK (OR FACE GLOVE)

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching and Preserving the Complexion:

1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable, and can be Easily Applied and worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.

2nd. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.

3rd. It has been Analyzed by Eminent Scientists and Chemical Experts, and pronounced perfectly Pure and Harmless.

4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for Years, and its valuable properties Never become Impaired.

5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only Genuine article of the kind.

6th. It is Recommended by eminent Physicians and Scientific Men as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.

7th. The Mask is as Unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face, as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.

8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy, if desired. The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.

9th. It is a natural Beautifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin and Removing Complexional Imperfections.

10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.

11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions and like preparations, may be saved by those who possess it.

12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.

13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied, with equally good results, At Any Time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.

15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

TRADE MARK.
Registered.



The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face.

TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS.

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritation, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

"I have worn the mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."

"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."

"A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."

"The improvement in my complexion is truly marvellous..."

"After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."

"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."

"My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is now all that can be desired."

"It does even more than is claimed for it."

"I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

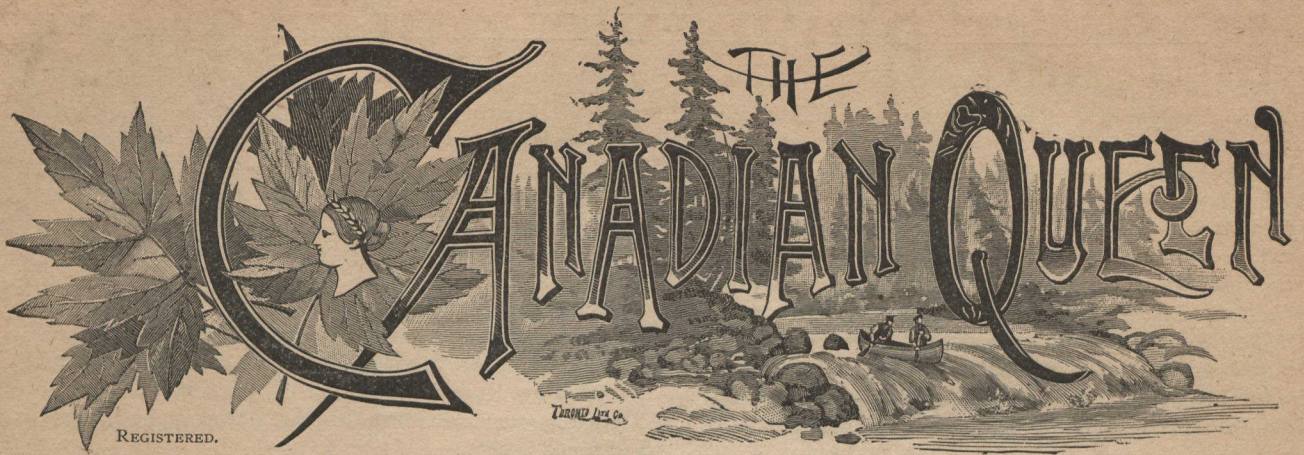
May be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

WRINKLES,

And is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc., use it. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET with proofs and full particulars mailed free by

THE TOILET MASK CO., 1164 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Apply now while you have our address before you, as this advertisement appears only occasionally. Please mention THE CANADIAN QUEEN.



VOL. III.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL, 1891.

No. 4.

Written for THE QUEEN.



"Is that a death-bed
Where the Christian lies?
Yes, but not his,
'Tis death itself that dies."—COLERIDGE.

THE sun was setting in a happy glory of gray and gold. Small, dark clouds were skudding across the skip, storm-scouts sent to spy out the battle ground for the coming contest, between heat and cold. The leaves of red, yellow and brown, were flying about in answer to the touch of the wind, dancing lightly to the music of its Æolian harp, but dancing to their own requiem, for soon the "beautiful snow," would be their winding-sheet. For two weeks the glorious Indian summer had brooded over the land. The children had been gathering bags and baskets of nuts, and stowing them away for the long winter evenings. Heads of houses had busied themselves in storing

more substantial fruits and vegetables, and filling their woodsheds and coal-bins. The fall house-cleaning was a thing of the past in this thrifty Canadian village, and all were ready for the snow and frost.

Wedgeton, was named after Timothy Wedgeley, who was a mill-owner and the founder of the village. The old Kingston road ran through its centre, but on reaching the cluster of houses, it was changed to King St., and was not restored until the village was left behind. From this main road, smaller streets ran north and south, and were filled with cottages or two-story frame houses. On King St. were all the chief places of business, beside two hotels, and the three churches, with their respective manse, rectory and parsonage. The village doctor and lawyer also had their homes and offices on this street.

Wedgeton, being a healthy, peaceable hamlet, one of each profession only, was needed. One physician would have sufficed for the spiritual needs of the people, but the barriers were still high. The ministerial school boys, still shied stones at each other over the walls that separated them. The people, (though they could not have told why for the life of them) still wrapped their Sectarian cloaks around them and passed by each other on opposite sides. The song which the angels sang to the shepherds had not yet penetrated their souls. The Sectarian cloaks, however, were getting ragged and underneath could be seen the pulsations of warm hearts. The glasses of bigotry were breaking, and behind them, one caught glimpses of loving Christ-like souls, looking through blue, brown and gray eyes.

On this afternoon the village and country for some miles around, are stirred by one common sentiment. Dr. Markham, the friend of all, and enemy of none, is dying. Everything is forgotten, business and pleasure, cares and grievances, loss and gain, for the while sink into insignificance, before this greater question. "Is there any hope?" The villagers stand about in little groups on the street, or gather in the stores, anxiously waiting for the verdict of the two doctors, from a neighboring town, who are with the sick man. Before night, while the leaves are still dancing to the music of the wind, and the clouds are hurrying across the sky, the people know that Dr. Markham's days are numbered, know that the kind voice and quick step of their friend will be heard no more in their homes or on their streets, know that the earth will soon lose, what it can ill afford—a good man. The men go back to their work with sad faces, the women weep silently in their homes, while the little ones, cluster together, and talk mysteriously of the "putting in the ground" of the one who always had a smile or a sweetmeat for them. In the sick room lies Dr. Markham. The physicians have done all that man's skill can do. The fever, caught from a patient, has run its course, and the system is too weak to rally. He is sinking every moment.

"I want my wife," he whispers, as Dr. Trager tells him he has not many hours to live. She hears his voice, for she has been sitting in a low rocking chair, her youngest child in her arms, waiting for words of hope. As she comes to the bed the two men withdraw. She bends over him in tearless agony.

"Kate," he puts out his hand, what was it we promised, till death us do part?"

"Yes, John," she takes his white hand in hers, "But death will not part us, my wife?"

"No, dear."

"No time, no space, Kate?"

"Nothing, John."

"Then I'll wait for you up there, it will seem long till you come, kiss me, wife."

She kissed him on cheeks, brow and lips.

"Now," he whispers, "the children."

"Mr. Dart, is waiting to see you, shall I bring him to you?"

He nodded his head.

After a few moments, they come, the five children and Mr. Dart, the Rector.

The children gather round the bed.

"Papa, oh, papa," sobs little Ethel, "don't leave us, it'll be so lonely."

"Father," cries Harry, his eldest boy, in a broken voice, "forgive my waywardness."

"Oh my dear, dear father," is all that Maud says, as she buries her face in the pillow.

"Pray," comes from the dying man, for his strength is going fast. Mr. Dart reads the beautiful prayer for the dying.

"Give my love to the people, my people, tell them we will meet again."

"God bless you children, sing 'our evening hymn.'"

As the last words

"For without thee, I dare not die," are sung, he turns to his wife,

"Katie, I cannot see you."

"I am here dear, my arms are around you."

"Ah," he smiles, "the light is coming, but 'tis not of earth."

"Good-bye Katie—children, we'll meet in the morning, spend Eternal-day together," and Dr. John Markham, husband, father and friend is dead.

CHAPTER II.

"Thus to the Father, prayed the Son
One may they be, as we are one."—MONTGOMERY.

After two days Dr. Markham is buried. Six of his people are his pall-bearers, while the three ministers officiate. As they stand together at the grave, after the people had gone to their homes, and the last clod of earth has been smoothed down, Mr. Gray, the Methodist, speaks, "a good man has gone."

"We'll ne'er see his like in Wedgeton," answers Dr. Lanton, the Presbyterian.

"A fine example," says the Rector of the Apostle's Words. "Instant in season and out of season, he was ever alert in the cause of truth."

"Are his family well provided for?" enquires Mr. Gray.

"Pretty well," answers Dr. Lanton, "he owns the place and he has some twenty thousand in stocks, besides a life insurance of about five thousand."

"A very good provision," sighs Mr. Gray, as he thinks of his eight children and only one thousand insurance to keep the wolf from the door, if he were taken away.

Then these three men glide into a practical strain.

"How is it that the ministerial profession is the least remunerative?" asks Mr. Gray, "it is impossible to lay up anything for a rainy day, with the small pittances, the people give so grudgingly," and he thinks again of his sickly wife, and eight children, who are so healthy and wear out so many shoes.

Mr. Dart, who is an Adventist, and thinks the world must grow a great deal worse before it will be any better, replies sadly.

"It is the growing apathy and indifference of the world to Divine things, it must be so in these last days, until Christ shall appear in righteousness."

Dr. Lanton smiles

"Then," he cries, "every parson will reap his ten thousand a year, and the people will be glad to have it, so verily that will be the Millennium."

The old grave-digger, Mike O'Reilly, who always spoke his thoughts in the richest of Irish brogues, had been leaning on his spade, listening to the conversation.

"Arrah, bedad, your rivrence, but its moighty aisy to see why yez are all scramein the sowls out o'ye for a few coppers. It's too many there are o'ye. Sure, the three o'ye riz up in yer poolpits ivery blessed Sunday marnin' and talk till ye're sweatin' to a handful o Gospel-hardened sinners, ivery mother's son o' them. Now, axin yer pardin' for makin' so bowld, but if ye would bile your religion down, so that one dish could howld it, and make it swate and good as yer Master would, it would'nt take so many o'ye to dale it out to the people. Shure, its a shame that the blissed religion has got to be made up into a

lot o' messes, that the people can hardly ate jist to plaze the whim o' a few pig-headed bigots." "I till ye what it is gentlemen he cries, lifting his spade in the air, "the man we have jist pit under the sod, was the best Christian I iver see'd. Don't I moind one day lasht year, jist about this toime, when we was a buryin' Misthress O'lane, as foine a woman as iver stept, if she were a Catholic, the doctor, he sez to me, sez he,

"Mike my man, we'll all be one in Heaven, there'll be one Church there, and it'll be a fair one, join that, Mike, Christ's Church, and you'll be all right." I niver forgot it, and its sure I am, the doctor is in that blissed Heaven this minit', and he wipes a tear away with his coat sleeve.

As the parsons drive home together that afternoon their Sectarian cloaks nearly fall off. They talk of the rapid growth of Christian sentiment, their hearts burn within them, as they speak of the triumphs of the Cross in heathen lands, they put the field-glass of Faith to their eyes, and glory together over the future victories their Leader will gain in the coming contest between truth and error. When they part, honest eyes look into honest eyes and the souls that look through them say, "We are brethern."

Mr. Dart sighs when he reaches his study and says,

"If they would only come into the Church, and make one fold under one shepherd."

Dr. Lanton says sternly as he looks at a picture of "the covenanters," which hangs over his dining-room mantel.

"If the "Church," would give up her errors, her Rationalism and her Ritualism, there might be union."

Mr. Gray sinks into the only easy chair his parlor affords, and says heartily to his wife, as four of his children, try to climb on his two knees, "the service to-day has been a means of grace. If predestination and election were knocked out of the Westminster Confession, and Apostolic Succession sent to the moles and bats by the Church, there might be union." He puts his feet on his wife's best ottoman, runs his fingers through his hair, and begins to build a "Castle in the air," which is, that "the time is coming, when he believes there will be one Church, and in it Methodist doctrine will be preached."

CHAP. III.

"Let no one trust the first false step
Of guilt, it hangs upon a precipice."—YOUNG.

While the ministers are led into this train of thought by the life and death of a good man, the newly-made widow and fatherless children gather in the back parlor of the desolate home.

"We must be everything to each other now," says Mrs. Markham, "you must help me or I shall fail."

"Yes, Mama, we will," the little ones say, but Harry comes and kisses her, and Maud puts an arm around her waist.

"Mother, we'll be everything to you that we can, but no one can take father's place. I do not know how we can bear it."

The children began to cry again, but Harry leaves the room quietly. He goes into the drawing-room, where only a few hours before, the coffin containing his father's body had stood. He looks out of the window, watching the snow that is beginning to fall. Then he goes to a table and opens a large Album. He turns to his father's picture.

"Oh, father," he cries, "how can I go back to college and be strong, without you to help me."

He stands looking at it, until the weakness leaves his face. He closes the book and lays it on the mat again.

"I'll try to be like him," he says. He thinks of his boon companions and feels that it will be impossible.

Just then his mother enters and comes to him.

"Mother, I have not been the good boy, you and father thought me. I have been drinking some and playing for money, besides, other things."

"Oh, my boy," she cries, sitting down and putting her hand at her head. She is not a woman of tears.

Harry kneels by her side.

"No mother," he says bravely, "I can't deceive you, over my father's grave, I have been wild, but that is past. I make a fresh start to-day. I will try to follow father."

"Harry, don't make a god of your father, because he is dead. Nothing would displease him more. Serve God, then you will be sure to be like your dear father. "You will go back to college next week. That was your father's wish."

"Can you trust me, mother, after what I have told you?"

"Yes, my boy, why should I not? You have told me that you will start to-day to walk in your father's footsteps. I believe you will, only not in your own strength, you cannot do that."

"No, mother," he answers, "I will not try without the help of my father's God."

The next week he goes back to Toronto, and the children return to the village school, while Maud and her mother sit together with their sewing. Many tears are shed on their work but there is much comfort. Mrs. Markham who is as much beloved as her husband, receives many proofs of the sympathy of the people, her children are loving and obedient, and her husband is waiting, she says to herself "waiting for her in Heaven."



Written for THE QUEEN'S Prize Story Competition.

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

BY HENRY S. SCOTT.

SECOND PORTION.

CAMERON'S reputation as a brave was made from that instant when he renewed the fight with his Indian rival after receiving the wound. None are keener admirers of pluck than the Indians, and none are so ready to pay homage to the valiant—whether friend or enemy. The victor in the fight for the hand of the pretty Indian girl at once became the lion of the tribe.

It was very little that Cameron could ever be persuaded to say of the wedding feast that followed in the evening after the duel. The body of his friend Mackenzie, together with a couple of large dogs, furnished the repast; "and it was only a matter of luck," (he might have said pluck), "that the cannibals had not a brace of human beings to dine off" Cameron was wont to say. He was seated on a pile of fur robes during the whole night that the noisy disgusting orgies were in progress. Fires added to the weirdness of the scene, frantic yells made the forest ring with the noise, and the only agency that was lacking to make the occasion worthy of pandemonium itself, was a liberal supply of intoxicating spirits. Cameron suffered intense pain from his wounds, and the admiration of the dancing Indians was frequently expressed by a sounding slap on the shoulder, which did not contribute to his comfort. The proper observation of the peculiar ceremonies seemed to demand the presence of Cameron, though for a long time he appeared to be a

very inconspicuous figure in the proceedings. Late in the night, however, the old chief surrounded by the members of the tribe whose lusty lungs seemed to be taking a rest or have become inactive through want of breath, approached him—chanting in a solemn voice. Taking up the chorus, the Indians danced around Cameron, the Indian girl or the chief. When this was through the old chief put one of the girl's hands into one of Cameron's hands. The grand climax, as in civilized countries, was a little oscular exercise which the couple seemed to enjoy intuitively, and Cameron with the bride he had so strangely won, were allowed to retire for the night to an old but very comfortable hut formerly built for the chief.

It was fully a week before Cameron was well enough to leave his hut. He had been carefully and lovingly attended by his wife who seemed to anticipate every want before he could think

of a way to express it. A few days after the duel, when Cameron began to improve, his curiosity in his bride became excited and he made some effort to carry on conversation with her. The young girl was very shy at first and it was quite evident to her husband that she keenly felt the peculiar position she had been placed in by being forced to become the wife of a man against his will. Of English the young girl did not understand a word, but Cameron soon found out that she could be made to understand a little French. She could speak a peculiar patois, and Cameron, with his very slender knowledge of the language of *La Belle France*, assisted by many gestures, was able to converse tolerably well with her. The history of his wife, so far as she could remember she related to him. It was in 1753, during the troublous times in Canada of the respective subjects of King Louis or King George for possession of the western country, that her father, a somewhat celebrated military man of the army of St. Louis, was sent out to

take charge of a special campaign in the West to be directed against the English, who were at that time pushing

their interests in fur trading further west into the territory then claimed by the French. In a few years after these troubles had somewhat subsided, he settled at Michilimackinac, at the head of Lake Huron. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and of a somewhat romantic turn of mind. Being delighted with the

place and the hunting it afforded him, he resolved to make his house in the place.

In 1770 he married the daughter of an Indian chief and died in a few years after the birth of their child, a girl. The mother returned to the tribe of her father with her baby girl after the death of her husband. They lived with the tribe till Angelique, the girl, was ten years old. Then began some trouble with a neighboring tribe of Indians, and one winter night when all the young braves of the tribe were off on a hunting expedition, the hostile tribe invaded the camp, massacred Angelique's mother along with many others of the tribe and carried the child captive into the far West. Angelique remained with her captors—the pet of the tribe till the capture of Cameron. Since she had grown into a beautiful young woman. She had had many suitors and the old chief had, by more than one of his young



BROUGHT HIS SPEAR DOWN ON THE CHEST OF THE REDSKIN WITH A MIGHTY THUD

braves, been solicited for the hand of the girl. But probably fearing too great dissension among his young braves he refused them all. When Cameron was found, he doubtless, like some politicians who fearful of creating enemies by selecting any one appointed out of a number of applicants for a certain office, hit upon a compromise, and conceived the thought that the young Scotchman might help out a solution of the difficulty.

CHAPTER V.

[Explains how a young man and his wife may live very comfortably with Indians. A royal road to riches.]

Time went on and found Cameron and his bride happy in the bosom of the tribe. Through his wife the young Scotchman was now able to talk to the Indians in their own tongue. He instructed them in many of the arts of civilization, taught them how to make clothes, how to improve their settlement, build houses and a fort, led in the chase, was foremost in attacks on hostile tribes, with never-failing success, conducted treaties with other bands, formed numerous alliances with other tribes and soon made it one of the most formidable tribes in the western country. For all this, as may be readily imagined Cameron was much beloved by the tribe.

For some time after his marriage Cameron was not allowed to go outside the confines of the camp unaccompanied by some of the tribe. It was taken for granted that he was dissatisfied with the life he was leading and would take advantage of the first opportunity to leave the tribe. But in time he had made himself so thoroughly at home and appeared so well satisfied with his new life that he was allowed to come and go as he pleased. His conscience bothered him sometimes on account of the life he was leading. He felt that while it suited him well enough to live as man and wife with this trusting, loving Indian girl he would not hesitate to desert her at a moments notice, if an opportunity were given him to return to civilization. But as time went on and he became more accustomed to the life he was leading, he got more and more attached to Angelique, and finally came to the conclusion that if he ever did escape from the camp he would take his wife with him.

One evening while Cameron and his wife were sitting in there house, for he had reconstructed the hut into a very commodious log dwelling, his wife brought in a scrap of very dirty paper on which there was some writing, a part of which had been obliterated. But the portion of the writiug that was still legible was sufficiently startling. It read :

In mountain yonder is gold of untold wealth. In the sounding funnel

All the writing after the word "funnel," had been obliterated. Angelique said that a few days before Cameron met the Indians a white hunter had been captured by her tribe. After being mercilessly tortured he was cruelly put to death and his body had been devoured. Before his death he had scribbled on this sheet of paper some words with a pencil which the girl could not read. Cameron was satisfied that the mountain referred to in the paper was the one he had admired with Mackenzie, when they had first encountered the Indians, and he determined when an opportunity presented itself to search for the gold treasure in company with the girl, but unknown to the other members of the tribe.

He had not long to wait. In a few days the chief requested him to visit a neighboring friendly tribe. Placing his wife on her pony and shouldering his gun, the ammunition for which he had carefully husbanded, he set off from the camp, after he had intimated his intention of having a little sport on the way, so as to combine business with pleasure. Descending into a valley at the foot of the mountain, which was a half a dozen miles from the camp, they tied the pony and cut a couple of stout sticks to assist them in ascending the mountain.

They found the ascent to be a comparatively easy matter owing to the fact that there was a third growth of trees on the mountain. About half way up there was a sort of slice taken out of the mountain, as one might with a cheese-knife cut a big slice of a cheese. Angelique had often heard the boys of the tribe tell of a cave in the mountain that could be entered from this table rock, and they were not long in finding it. A long passage-way led from the mouth of the cave. By the light of some rushes



THE GRAND CLIMAX, AS IN CIVILIZED COUNTRIES, WAS A LITTLE OSCULAR EXERCISE.

prepared with bears' grease, which Cameron had brought with him, they followed this passage-way till it led them to a small chamber. As they were walking along they heard a peculiar weird noise which became louder as they approached the chamber. Running into this chamber at right angles to the one by which they entered, was another passage-way and from each of these there swept into the chamber great currents of air which, forming a regular whirlwind in the centre, escaped through a hole or funnel in the roof, making the noise they had heard. Quite sure that this was the funnel referred to in the paper Cameron held up his torch to examine it when the upward force of the escaping wind carried the light from his hand, and as it passed beyond the roof of the chamber which was only six feet high, its light disclosed to Cameron another passage-way running at right angles with the shaft, hanging

from the mouth of which was a strip of buffalo hide. With the end of his gun Cameron was able to pull it down and found that it was a perfect "rope" ladder fastened by one end in the shaft above him. Taking a fresh supply of torches, Cameron climbed into the shaft followed by Angelique, whose agility had not been diminished by early accustoming herself to Indian usages. This shaft led downward on quite a grade—seemingly into the very centre of the mountain. Following it for about two hundred yards they reached a chamber into which it opened. This chamber was about ten feet square and six feet high. At one side of it were half a dozen little baskets rudely made of bark filled with gold dust and small nuggets of the precious metal. On the opposite side of the chamber was a great gap in the wall where some person had apparently been digging in the soft blue clay, on the floor were strewn a number of rudely fashioned tools, a large hammer or sledge, an oddly constructed pick and a shovel. Some one, apparently

from the appearance of the chamber, many years before had discovered an immensely rich gold vein exposed to view at the side of the chamber where the excavation was made, and had succeeded in obtaining a liberal supply of the precious metal with the aid of these tools, and possibly some process for separating the gold from the clay which had been accomplished very thoroughly. With considerable difficulty they carried the six baskets of gold to the mouth of the shaft to be removed at a convenient time, and descending into the lower chamber left the cave and returned to their pony to resume their journey.

Cameron was of the opinion that the gold had been unearthed by the writer of the paper shown him by the girl—that the man had laboured there for a long time unknown to the tribe, and that when he was making preparations to leave for civilized settlements he was taken by the Indians.

[END OF SECOND PORTION.]

HOW THE PERSIANS DINE.

WHEN a person of rank gives his friends an entertainment or dinner in Persia, the company is generally received in the Dewan Khanah, or public room. A piece of printed calico is spread in front of the carpet on which they are seated; this is never washed, for such a change would be deemed unlucky, and therefore it appears with all the signs of frequent and hospitable use. On this is placed the bread, which resembles much a large Scotch potato scone, about 14 inches in width by 28 to 30 inches in length. This serves the purpose both of plate and spoon. The dishes are brought in on large metal trays, one of which is generally set down between every two or three individuals, and contains pillaws or rice, stews, sweetmeats, and other delicacies; while bowls of sweet and sour sherbets, with deep spoons of pear-tree wood swimming in them, are placed within everyone's reach. If the repast be very sumptuous, the dainties appear in great profusion, and are sometimes heaped one on the other. The cookery is excellent of its kind, though there is throughout the entire arrangement a mixture of refinement and uncouthness highly characteristic of the country.

Persians, like other Orientals, eat with their fingers; and the meat is cut into convenient mouthfuls, or stewed down so as to be easily torn into pieces. Accordingly, no sooner is the "Bismillah," or grace, pronounced than, bending forward, every hand is in a moment up to the knuckles in the rich pillaws—pinching or tearing off fragments of omelets, breaking off, by the aid of a fragment of bread, pieces of kabbab (strips of beef or sausage), plunging into savory stews, dipping into dishes of sweetmeats, and tossing off spoonfuls of pleasant sherbet. The profound silence is only interrupted by the rapid movements of jaws, or the grunts of deep satisfaction that from time to time arise from the gourmands of the party; for, though this people are temperate on common occasions, none enjoy more the pleasures of the table at convenient seasons. At length, the host or principle guest, having satisfied his appetite, rises from his recumbent posture, and throwing himself back on his seat or cushion, utters a deep guttural "Alhumdulallah" (thanks be unto God), and remains holding his greasy hand across the other until an attendant brings water. On this the

remainder of the company, one after another, as fast as the struggle between appetite and decorum permits, assume the same attitude. Warm water now arrives in copper ewers, and is poured upon their dirty fingers, which are held over a metal basin to catch the drippings, but are generally imperfectly wiped. Order is gradually restored. Kilians are produced; the company take each the posture that pleases best, consistent with due respect, and conversation now becomes general.

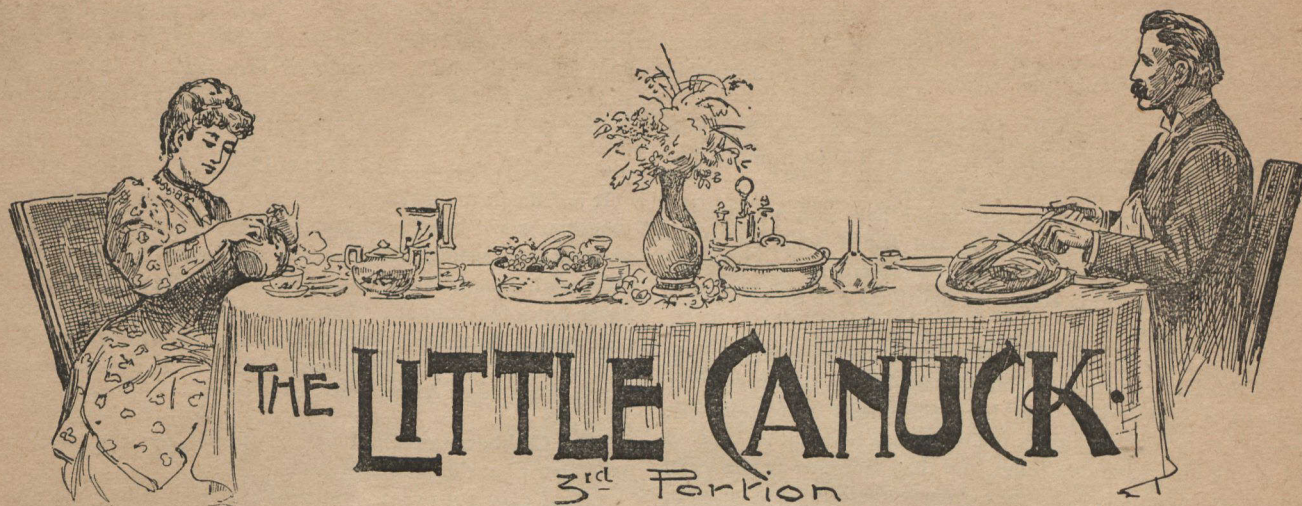
At such entertainments the comfort and hilarity of the party depend on the object of the feast. When given to some high grandee, the whole affair is magnificent, but stiff and dull. The court is spread with rich cloths for the guest to tread upon, which become the property of his servants. He is placed in the highest seat, far above all the guests; even the master of the house sits below him at a respectful distance. All, as it were, look to him for the tone of feeling which is to prevail. If he speaks, so does the rest; if he smiles, they laugh also; if he be silent and reserved, a corresponding gloom ensues. Everyone heartily wishes quit of his presence. On the contrary, when there is no such constraint, and when the entertainer is a pleasant and open-hearted individual, mirth and good-humor abound; wit and repartee, stories and anecdotes are told, and abundance of poetry and singing are indulged in, terminating the entertainment as most people would wish.

The pictures of the late King-Consort of Portugal are to be sold next year. They are said to form one of the finest collections in the world, rivalling that of the late Sir Richard Wallace. Among them is the famous Holbein which hung at Whitehall during the reign of Charles II., and was taken by his widow, Catherine of Braganza, to Portugal.

A large glass jar with a silver cover is filled with salts, and is intended for the drawing-room table. The cover should be removed just long enough to perfume the room, and then tightly screwed on again. \$18 is asked for these.

A slight moisture is said to be good for pianos, and one authority claims that a single growing plant in a room will give out all that is necessary to keep a piano in proper condition.

Written for THE QUEEN'S Prize Story Competition, by CHARLES NELSON JOHNSON.



As Lepping and Maggie walked up the steps that afternoon after their drive with such a peculiar expression on their faces they were not by any means unobserved. Leighton determined on seeing Lepping at the club that evening. He had no definite idea of what he would say or do, but he must see him. He was lashed into maddening desperation, and although there was no moral reason why he should hate Lepping yet he did hate him with all the bitterness of his soul.

There was a perceptible constraint between the two men when they met in the evening. Lepping was the more composed of the two, though this was not to boast of his composure. They handled trivial topics with monosyllables for a time, avoiding the question which was uppermost in the mind of each. Lepping shunned it from desire; Leighton from a sense of inability to introduce it. But at last, exasperated with Lepping's manner, he abruptly looked at him and said:

"Possibly you think I am ignorant of the fact that you are in love with the little Canuck?"

"I don't know that I've been led to conjecture as to your ignorance on that or any other topic," coolly responded Lepping.

"Well the fact remains that you *are* in love with her," persisted Leighton, unable to retain himself.

"What if I am?" calmly demanded the other; and turning his eye so that it fell on Leighton with a cool, withering, matter-of-fact look, he added: "So are *you*. Which has the better right?"

Lepping's mind had not been idle in the last few hours regarding Leighton's recent perturbation and he had reached a definite conclusion.

Leighton was startled to hear his sentiments so confidently and truthfully expressed by another, and he could not reply at once. Then the last remark of his companion throws him into a train of thought. What right had he to love Maggie? Truly not nearly so good a right as Lepping, and yet here was the latter showing less intrusion, and acting altogether more like a gentleman than he. He wondered at Lepping's leniency toward him and after looking at him curiously for a time said:

"So you know about it? Why don't you shoot me Lepping? I think I should have killed you under the circumstances."

"Since you mention it there is only one reason I can call to mind why I don't," said Lepping unconcernedly.

"What is it?"

"It would be hurting her—she loves you."

The information had come out spontaneously in answer to Leighton's query. After speaking he turned his head away to look distractedly out of the window. He had not intended telling Leighton that, and was now wondering what the result would be.

As for Leighton he was conscious of only one feeling at that moment. Nothing could suppress the bewildering, overwhelming joy that surged in upon him. The thought had never occurred to him that Maggie cared for him—he had not dared to let conjecture run in that direction—but now to receive the assurance at a time when all looked so dark. When the first trace of despairing compunction was coming over him; and to receive it from a source so unexpected, had the effect of intoxicating his senses.

He could not bring himself to remain at the club any longer, and was soon in the open air treading what seemed to him a fleecy, velvety world, not the same thorny, stony pain that had caused the pebbles to roll under his feet on his way to the club. He took the street leading home. It was in his mind to go where Maggie was, to see her under the new consciousness, to look upon her even if it must be with the length of the room between them. He was impatient with the distance between the club and his house.

And then across his mind came the reproach that this was all wrong, that he was committing sin against those who were nearest him by force of circumstance and by sentiment. He wondered what Maggie would think of him if she knew how completely he gave himself up to temptation. He was a little alarmed when he thought of this, as he knew only too well that her sense of right would resent such a weakness. She would despise him and above all things he could not tolerate the idea of being despised by her. And yet as he approached the house he found himself growing lighter-hearted in spite of all his resolutions. In the illumination of this new development he could not help being happy for the time, and he tried not to look into the future.

When he reached home he was disappointed to find that Maggie had retired though it was still early. Mrs. Leighton gave him no reason for her retirement, though privately she had a very decided opinion as to what the reason was.

She had determined this evening on learning something of the relation between Maggie and Mr. Lepping. She was not

satisfied with the appearance of things, and felt that it was her right to make enquiries. After the children had been put to bed she came into the sitting-room, and rather startled Maggie by saying:

"So you've seen fit not to heed my advice regarding love matters? Oh you needn't start so and blush. I knew from the first symptoms how the case would turn out."

Maggie remembered what her cousin had said on the occasion of Mr. Lepping's first visit, and felt a sense of relief; though all the time her conscience was piercing her with reproach. Mrs. Leighton continued lightly as if to bring Maggie out of her reserve.

"Oh it is quite natural after all. Here comes my charming little Canadian cousin on a visit, just fresh from the unromantic halls of a University; and here she meets a certain Mr. L—— to whom she thinks the world has been rather cruel in not giving him a suitable Juliet, and then straightway the usual symptoms begin to follow. She grows thoughtful, and nervous, and loses her appetite. Even her rosy cheeks begin to fade, and her eye doesn't look as it once did. She at last acts so strangely that there is no other conclusion than the one that a certain Mr. L—— has stolen the little Canadian heart. Come now Maggie, how is it? Isn't Mr. L—— the cause of all this?"

Maggie was driven into painfully close quarters, and she did the first quibbling of her life when she nodded her head to this folly. She felt it was the only thing to do and yet she seemed to herself a criminal. To be sure the stolen heart had gone to a "certain Mr. L——" but——!

"I thought as much," continued the solicitous cousin, "and now may I ask if the gentleman in question reciprocates the sentiment?"

In spite of herself Maggie's mind would revert to Leighton rather than Lepping as associated with the conversation. The last question suggested a thought that had never occurred to her. She had no more idea of Leighton loving her than he had of her loving him. Each had thought the sentiment entirely one sided. Maggie must make some answer to her cousin, and at nearly the same time that Lepping was telling Leighton of her love for him, Maggie was saying:

"I don't say as to that, but I believe he doesn't. The subject has never been mentioned between us."

The instant the words were out Maggie was conscious of an overwhelming abhorrence of herself. She had been talking thus to her cousin with the image of that lady's own husband in her mind, when the cousin clearly thought she was speaking of another man! Her little tyrant of a heart had carried her beyond the bounds of righteous constraint, and when she viewed her transgression with self-convicting consciousness, and thought of the relation she was sustaining to her cousin, she was overcome with a sickening sense of her own weakness. She could not tolerate any longer an attitude bordering so clearly on deceit, and without assurance sufficient to look her cousin in the face, she murmured some excuse and left the room.

What the poor girl suffered when she reached her own room none but herself will ever know. We can record only the outward symptoms, we can give the wording of her reflections, we can hear her meaning, but we cannot feel the heart-ache. "Oh my God, have mercy on me—how I have sinned! Why am I called to suffer the terrible temptation? What ill fate was it ever brought me to Chicago? And why could I not see from the beginning that I loved him? Why could I not tell that first night when he seemed so strange—so different from

other men. Oh, I must drive this terrible passion from me; I must tear it out of my heart even if it leaves no heart behind! I must *not* love him! I must *not* love him! Oh, my God, I *do* love him! I *do* love him!" and she threw herself face down on the white counterpane of the bed.

CHAPTER IX.

It is difficult to determine what special phase of discontent Leighton would have exhibited, as a result of his disappointment as not seeing Maggie, had not something out of the ordinary happened to divert his attention. He had been in the house but a few minutes when a message boy called with a message for Mrs. Leighton. She opened it and read:

Meet me at the Northwestern depot at 8 a. m., to-morrow. Come prepared to go with me to Wisconsin.

ANNIE CUTHBERT.

Mrs. Cuthbert was Mrs. Leighton's friend, and when Leighton asked her what the note meant she said:

"Oh, I expect it's that land deal she was telling me about the other day, she has as much business on her hands as a man. She told me if she consummated the deal she would want me to go up there with her for company. But I expected a little longer notice than this," looking again at the message.

"What shall you do about it?" asked her husband.

"I suppose I shall have to go, I can't afford to offend Annie Cuthbert."

"How long will you be gone?"

"I've no idea. I didn't ask her much about it when she spoke to me of the matter, but I expect it will be a day or two at least."

"How about your cousin?"

"Well it's rather awkward to be obliged to leave Maggie, and yet," she added, as she thought of their last interview, "I don't know but she would appreciate being left alone for a few days if one can judge of the demeanor. I started to say something to her to-night about Mr. Lepping—you know he has been coming here quite often of late—and she seemed so much distressed when I mentioned the subject, that I am a little in doubt as to how the matter stands between them. If I thought ——"

But what she was going to say we are not permitted to record, as her husband suddenly seemed to remember that he had failed to bolt the door after the message boy, and hurried out into the hall where he made such a rattling of bolts and chains that it broke up the conversation entirely.

Mrs. Leighton started upstairs to Maggie's room to tell her of her enforced journey, but saw by the transom that the light was out, and concluded that Maggie had gone to bed, (how very much in error she was in this). She thought she would wait till morning to tell her, as Maggie usually rose early.

But when it was nearly train time next morning Maggie had not risen, and her cousin was obliged to leave without seeing her.

When Maggie found that she had gone, she was unable to determine between a sense of relief and a sense of fear.

CHAPTER X.

Whether it was design or accident that brought Leighton home earlier than usual to dinner that day, we are not permitted to judge, Maggie had been sitting at the front window, working at some embroidery, and saw him coming. Her fluttering little heart told her that he was nearly an hour—in advance of his regular time—her conscience sent her straightway to her room and she did not see him till the usual dinner hour. Even after the bell rang she loitered as long as propriety would permit,

and entered the dining-room to find him already carving. He had chafed under her absence from the time he arrived home till dinner was announced, and had worked himself up into such a pitch of impatience that he determined to punish her by giving her a lesson in punctuality. How contemptible he appeared to himself a moment later when she entered with a sweet apology for being late.

"I wish you'd scold me," said she. "I deserve it. When I am engaged at fancy-work I grow wilful about putting it down."

"It is I who should apologize for being so hasty," he answered with a vicious stab at the roast. "The truth is, I detest carving so much that I'm always anxious to be at it and through with it as soon as possible."

Her plate had been placed at the end of the table where the tea-service sat, and she demurely took her seat, and began to attend to the duties of her position as daintily as the snuggest little house-wife in the land. The spectacle melted him into good humor immediately.

The tempest of the last few days had left her paler than usual, and now the excitement of the hour had brought to her cheek a rosy tint like that of a crimson western sunlight kissing the face of a fleecy cloud. He was thrilled with her beauty as he never had been before. Her uncontrollable hair was endeavoring to escape here and there in little truant tresses, and the graceful turning of her neck and play of her features drove him well-nigh beside himself. It all seemed so cosy, so natural—so much in accord with things as they ought to be. Each felt the influence of the hour but it affected one differently from the other.

He could not help drinking in the sweetened draught. In his inmost heart he may have felt it was not right, but the influence of the surroundings overcame him. He had not known such happiness as this for years. What a dinner this was compared to his ordinary dinners! He could not look into the future just now—could not realize that the present happiness must end.

She was saddened, even while floating in fairyland, by the thought that it all must end so soon. She began to believe it must be very soon.

When dinner was over and they had retired to the sitting-room, she took a chair as far removed from him as possible, and picked up her fancy work.

"Oh please never mind the work to-night," said he, "let us talk."

"I can talk and work too," she replied with a smile still bending over her work.

He sat watching her with devouring eyes, as she plied the needle in all-absorbing endeavour to avoid looking up. She felt his eyes upon her and dare not encounter the gaze.

He was thinking, and at last in a dreamy sort of way he said: "I wish it could always be like this."

She had been thinking too and the words seemed not so strange to her as otherwise they would. Whatever had been her thought the night before regarding his feelings for her, she was no longer in doubt as to that feeling now. In answer to him and to her own beating heart she said:

"But it cannot; it must not be like this. We must remember. We must suppress feeling and cling to duty."

She almost wavered as she said this last. Duty just then seemed so hard; her heart was tearing madly at her breast to go out and meet his. But she gave no outward sign of weakness, and he thought her strangely composed for a woman in love. He almost doubted what Lepping had told him and the thought made him instantly irritable.

"Duty!" said he impetuously. "Tell me first what duty is. Are we to believe it our duty to stupidly follow the narrow thorny road marked out by a miserable something called fate? I rebel against fate! I've a right to—it has been cruel to me."

"I know, I know," she could not help saying with compassion. "And yet we mustn't rebel, we must walk on the road even if it is narrow and thorny."

"My God, Maggie!" he burst out, "you say that calmly as if the trial were nothing to you. Maybe it isn't, lowering his voice so that a bitterness crept into it, "but it is to me—all is a trial—I sometimes wish I had never been born."

He had risen on the first impulse of excitement and stood before her; but seeing her head still bent he turned to walk away at the last remark.

"No, no—not that!" she almost whispered, looking up compassionately into his face for the first time. "Don't speak like that. It is a trial to me—a hard trial—the hardest I ever had to bear."

"Then you do love me Maggie, do you not?" was his eager response.

The open expression awoke a cruel conscience within her and she was lashed into resistance.

"Oh, it is all wrong," with uplifted hands to ward him off as she had done to Lepping. "It's wicked; it's infamous! We must not—we're sinning all the time—we must part; think of your position."

"My position? What of it?" he said, bitterly.

"You are married," she answered with quiet concentration in the words. She had in mind the effort at reconciliation of which she had spoken to Lepping. She meant to draw him to think of his wife.

"And what of that?" was his startling reply, given in a hard, dry, cynical tone. The reference to the fact at this time had made him desperate. She saw his strait and answered with kind insistence:

"The duty you owe to your wife, she should claim your first consideration in all things."

"Do I claim hers?"

"Possibly you might if you tried."

"Do you think I never tried?"

"I have not seen you try. You always seem so morose, and gloomy and impenetrable to her."

"Maggie," said he changing to a milder tone in which mingled a touching sadness. "I was not always as you see me. There was a time when I did try. But Ethel never was meant for me. I don't wish to say anything disparaging about her, but your upbraiding forces me to speak, and in any event I must talk to some one," he said, doggedly. "I've kept quiet all these years, and now I must give myself relief or my heart will burst. Ethel is naturally pettish and irritating, and always suspicious—the strangest of all is that she never suspected my feeling for you," he added reflectively. "Then besides, kindness from me always would bring some unreasonable request from her. She took advantage of every gentle mood, word, or caress, to make a whimsical plea for something beyond the limits of my power to grant. To any man who dislikes to refuse, such abuse of confidence will sooner or later drive him into sternness. I found sternness the only relief, and it has gone from sternness to something worse. How much worse, none will ever know."

He was running on in a curiously subdued tone, and Maggie had never seen him in such a mood before. Her heart went out to him in tender pity but she must not waver.

"Couldn't you make one more effort at mutual concession?"

"The concession wouldn't be mutual; I should have to make it all myself." He spoke as if he had tried it often before.

"Think of the children," pleaded Maggie.

"Yes the children," said he with pain in the words. "They are the only link that has bound me to my present life, and now they are proving to me every day that this life is a cruelly unnatural one. Why, Maggie, can't you see it? Don't you know that the children cling more closely and tenderly to you than to their own mother? I've seen it—I couldn't help seeing it. Yes," continued he with a far-away look in his eyes, "everything points to that—even my own children."

Maggie could not answer him and they sat in silence—each busy with thoughts of the other.

She was painfully aware how futile her attempt had been at reconciliation. He was farther away from duty than when she began. The situation was excessively distressing. She could only murmur after a long pause:

"I am so sorry."

"Maggie, do you care very much?" looking over at her wistfully.

"Yes *very very* much," and then fearing lest her heart might lead her into some indiscretion she hurriedly continued, "but I must be going now. I am not feeling well to-night, and I wish to see that the children are all right before retiring."

She rose rather confusedly and started to leave the room.

"Must you go, Maggie?" he asked, looking after her appealingly.

"Yes, I *must*, I *must*," was her tremulous answer, as she hurried from the room. The answer was as much to her own heart as to the man who was listening to her.

He sat by the fire till after the last smouldering ember had dropped and turned to ashes. The stolen brightness of his life had gone out long before the embers had died in the grate.

CHAPTER XI.

Maggie rose early the following morning, but did not go down to breakfast till she was sure he had left the house. She employed the interval in packing her trunks. Her mind had fully decided in the quiet hours of midnight. "I can do no good, and I dare not remain longer."

The forenoon passed slowly away. Lunch hour came and her moments on Dearborn avenue were few. Just before leaving the house, she kissed the children and said to Robby:

"Tell your mamma that Cousin Maggie has been suddenly called home."

"Mamma isn't here," said Robby logically.

"Well then tell your papa—you won't forget will you Robby," she added, turning again as she was opening the door. She wished him not to be alarmed regarding her safety. Then flying back once more and kissing both children passionately she was gone before they realized what it all meant.

When he came from business and found her away he was on the point of turning from the house without eating any dinner, when a telegram was handed him. He opened it and read:

"Cannot come home for several days.

"ETHEL."

He stood for some time looking absently at the bit of yellow paper before him, repeating in a dreamy way, "cannot come home—cannot come home." Then suddenly breaking out into a moaning cry he exclaimed: "Oh Ethel, Ethel, I would to God it were a home!" What have I ever done to bring this upon me? I am a man with wife and family but without a home.

He looked around the room in a peculiar way as if the place seemed strange to him. All at once his eye fell on the chair where he had last seen Maggie sitting. It was a terrible thought to think he never would see her there again. He was maddened almost into desperation at the idea of her going forever out of his life. She had been the only sunshine that cheered his heart for many a day, and to find that sunshine vanished so suddenly, only added immeasurably to the previous darkness. He could not bear to remain in the house and was soon in the street tramping up and down he knew not where. He would not go to the club for fear of meeting Lepping, he did not feel like returning home on account of the reflections it gave him, and so away into the dismal hours of the night he was still going, going, like a lost and weary soul without a purpose and without a hope. In thinking of it afterward he never was fully able to recall all his doings in those terrible hours, but just as the first faint streaks of light were glancing across Lake Michigan he found himself huddled up on his own door-step, numb and cold, with his overcoat turned about his ears. Slowly and sadly he looked up at the front of the house and involuntarily shuddered. "I cannot go in—I cannot go in." He started up and made his way painfully down Dearborn avenue going on in the same listless way as before. At Division street he turned to the right, and was soon on the corner of Clark and Division. He stopped and looked aimlessly up and down. Few people were moving, but just across the way a saloon was opening its doors. He did a thing that he had never done before—and never did after. What made him he could not tell, but he walked deliberately up to the bar and asked for some whiskey. He poured out a glass and drank it as if it had been water. Then he drank another—and another. He was pouring out the fourth, when the bar-keeper interfered.

"Here my friend, you can't stand that kind of thing. That liquor is too strong to drink in that way. It'll keel you over, first thing you know."

He looked at the bar-keeper in a dazed sort of way and muttered:

"Nothing is too strong for me now. You havn't enough liquor in the place to keel me over."

Then he turned and walked out, leaving the fourth glass untouched. What became of him all forenoon he could not afterwards tell. A little before three o'clock in the afternoon he was walking like one demented in the vicinity of the Michigan Central depot, and finally stood watching the people buying tickets for various points. In a mechanical sort of manner he dropped into line and made his way up in regular order to the window. When the agent asked him where he was going he looked at him a moment with a blank stare as if he failed to comprehend the question. Then suddenly pulling himself together as if remembering something he said:

"Give me a ticket for Toronto, Canada."

CHAPTER XII.

In the meantime Maggie had arrived at the Union Station in her native city. After leaving the train she had risked life and limb, by climbing into one of those high conveyances on runners, which are used in lieu of street cars during the winter months when the snow is too plentiful to permit of removal by the easy-going corporation. As she passed up Yonge street and heard the same old familiar sounds—the shrill piping of the newsboys crying, "*News and Evening Telegram!*"—she seemed to herself so far removed from the light-hearted girl who had driven down the same street a few weeks before. At

College street she left the car, and walking a short distance West, was soon at her own home.

Toronto was now in the midst of her winter sports. Sleigh-bells rang incessantly, snow creaked under swiftly-flying runners at every turn, tandem teams with tails cruelly docked were moving here and there, and every one was muffled in furs except those who wore toboggan suits of loose white flannel tied at the waist with cord and tassel. This costume, decked with capots for the head and moccasins for the feet, renders doubly bewitching the bright eyes and rosy cheeks which one invariably meets in Toronto in winter.

All seemed gay except Maggie. She remained indoors the first day pleading weariness, but could no longer endure the terrible wrestling with her heart, and in desperation put on her toboggan suit and went to the slide. She thought the quick movement—the sudden rushing through the air—would relieve in a measure the stifling, choking sensation in her breast.

She was soon flying madly down the incline controlling the toboggan entirely herself against the express wish of the attendant, who urged that somebody might accompany her. She wished no one with her. She was in the mood to be irritated by companionship. She furiously flung herself on the toboggan at the start, giving it all the impetus possible; and when the bottom was reached, seized the cord and dragged it toward the top, as if her very life depended on it. It was one way of expending her pent-up energy. It required muscle and made the nerves tingle! It was sensation! There was excitement in it! Her cheeks began to glow and her hair held revelry with the breeze. Up and down, up and down with ceaseless fury! The toboggan seemed to catch the spirit of the hour, and leaped like a desperately-maddened thing—scarce touching the snow beneath it. The crisp air beat resistance on her cheeks, and whizzed past her ears at each descent. She scornfully laughed in the face of the breeze, and her white teeth shone glistening as the snow. If a whirl-wind had come and carried her up, it would have seemed in perfect harmony with the tempest raging within her.

But it was all of no avail—this wild endeavor to forget her self. The old pain lay heavily as ever, and suddenly she turned and left the slide, walking listlessly homeward with a depression sinking deeper and deeper from reaction.

As she neared the corner to turn home she heard footsteps behind her, and in a moment a figure was at her side. Instantly she flushed crimson, and then turned deadly pale!

"Maggie," he said, "you will wonder why I am here, but I cannot answer that—I hardly know myself. But I want to tell you something before I go away again forever. You've seen

how weak I have been—not only on one occasion, but on many. You must think me a wicked, irresponsible man, and perhaps I am; but Maggie I—I—was misled. My eyes have been suddenly opened in the last half hour, and though the thought gives me more pain than you can ever know, yet I am in one way relieved by it, and it has brought me to my senses. It is needless for me to try to hide now what my feelings for you have been. I've displayed too much of my nature for you to have any doubt, and yet I want to say that I never should have allowed my weakness to gain such a mastery over me—I never should have been so indiscreet—had I not thought that my sentiments were in some measure reciprocated. Had I believed that you," here his lips quivered somewhat, and his face was turned away with a pained expression, "that you did not care for me, I should have been more careful not to annoy you. I hope you will forgive me."

Maggie was in a terrible dilemma. What could he mean? Why had he come to think she "didn't care" for him? A hundred conjectures shot through her mind. And yet she could not say anything; she could not tell him she did care for him. They were walking along College Avenue on the south side of the street, and she was nearly home.

"Maggie," he said, haltingly, "I'm going away never to see you again. I want to say good-by. I'm glad you're happy."

Happy! She happy? Oh now she saw it all! The whole truth flashed upon her. He had been at the toboggan slide and seen her in

her mad revelry, and had thought that she was enjoying herself—that she had forgotten him. He always was so sensitive!

And what had that frenzy at the slide meant to her? It had all been cruel enough but here was the hardest thing of all. To have him, above all others, construe her actions into happiness, when it had been the worst misery she had ever known—and misery all for love of him. It had been madness, not happiness. She never would be happy; and now she must let him go away with that terrible misunderstanding. All her years must be lived with this double burden on her heart. *Could* she let him go? Oh merciful heaven it was almost more than she could bear. Just as she was wavering in this way they came to her gate and a little boy

who was looking at the numbers on the houses turned to her and asked:

"Do you live here?"

She nodded her head and he handed her a telegram. Somehow she trembled more than ever as she took it, and dismissed the boy before opening it. As she glanced hurriedly over the despatch she staggered and leaned heavily against the gate, and for a moment almost sank to the ground. She looked



MAGGIE DECIDES MATTERS BY GRASPING THE LIMB OF A TREE.

horrified. Then suddenly recovering herself she gave him the paper to read, and said in a low hoarse whisper :

"Go-at-once. There is where your duty lies. You never should have left. Go—quick! Good-by."

And thus they parted.

CHAPTER XIII.

A little more than five years had passed since that winter's day on which Maggie turned hopelessly and with a broken heart into her home.

It is midsummer. She is spending the hot weather at Collingwood on the shores of the beautiful Georgian Bay. People say she has changed much in the last few years. They say she has aged; and yet to us she is still—well, she is Maggie.

The day is warm and bright, and a picnic party has just started from the Grand Central Hotel to drive up the Blue Mountains and visit the caves. Maggie is with them. When the summit is reached after a long and tremendous climb, a debate is held as to whether or not it is advisable for the ladies to attempt the caves. The work is wearisome and often dangerous. Maggie decides matters so far as she is concerned by grasping the limb of a tree standing near the entrance of one of the caves and letting herself down the rocky wall. She has gained the reputation in latter years of being reckless of life or limb, and her present conduct would seem to merit it. The caves are mostly immense crevices in the rocks, apparently made by the partial toppling over of enormous boulders from the main body of the mountain. In many places they extend into dark caverns, so far removed from sun and air that snow drifted in will remain all summer. They are cold and uninviting many of them, and yet to-day there was not one so deep and dark that Maggie did not want to explore it. She seemed filled with unwonted energy, and was foremost in the procession despite the pleadings of the gentlemen to be allowed to precede her.

"That girl is a brick!" Enthusiastically exclaimed young Battie the bank clerk as he halted a moment on a ledge of rock to wipe off the perspiration.

"Yes, but she'll break her neck," was the dubious response of one of the grave members of the party.

"Come on," shouted Maggie, her voice coming back sepulchraly from a dark hole. "I've found a new tunnel where no one seems to have been before. It appears to be a long one and to grow wider inside. Come and let's explore it."

"Hold on," shouted Battie. "Let me go ahead and strike a light. There are often deep holes in those places and you're liable to step off into China if you're not careful where you tread." He plunged in and those on the outside could hear the scratching of matches on the rocks and the delighted chattering of the two in the cave. All at once a woman's shrill scream came from the darkness, and a man's voice followed it exclaiming, "Maggie!"

"There I said as much," cried the grave member. "I knew it would come to that. I said she'd fall!"

And instantly they were all excitement.

But just at this moment Battie came out of the cavern with a rather blank, but not seriously frightened look on his face, and stared somewhat sheepishly at his friends.

"What is it?" they asked. "What's the matter? Where's Miss Britton?"

"Well—I'll-be-blowed!" said Battie. "That's the rummest go I ever saw."

They all looked at him for an explanation, but he stood a moment slowly shaking his head from side to side and looking in a stupid way at the rocks under his feet, as if not quite sure of his senses. Just as everybody was growing exasperated with him, Maggie appeared at the entrance with a strange gentleman, and—but everybody looked at Maggie! What a change there was in her countenance! She was like another being than the one who had gone into that dark cave! She was all blushes and her beautiful eyes sparkled like jewels. Possibly they may have been slightly moistened with tears, for she seemed agitated and was trembling. But no one could think she was unhappy—the tears if any were not of that sort. She was the first to speak.

"My friends," said she, "let me introduce to you an old acquaintance, Mr. Leighton of Chicago."

"Well that's the rummest go," persisted Battie, turning away and starting up the ascent with one of his friends. "I was striking matches to keep the place light, so she wouldn't fall, and one of them missed fire and it was dark for an instant. By the time I got another one going this—this man—stood face to face with us. I hadn't time to be frightened for she screamed as if she had seen a ghost, and he rushed to her and caught her in his arms to keep her from falling. Then he exclaimed 'Maggie' as if he had found a long lost—well anyhow, I saw they knew each other, so I bolted. Well, I'll be blowed!"

By this time a second gentleman came out of the cave and the Collingwoodites exclaimed in a chorus!

"Hello, Laclary; you here?"

"Yes, answered the gentleman, evidently a resident of Collingwood. "I came up to-day to show this gentleman the caves, and we thought we had discovered a new one. We was just groping our way back when some one struck a match in front of us and—but I guess you know the rest," said he looking in a suggestive way at Leighton and Maggie.

Now it is necessary just at this point to record a characteristic of the Collingwoodites which does them great credit. They are not much of anything if not intuitive, and they are not anything at all if not generous. In this instance they thought they knew a thing or two. They nodded their heads and winked at each other several times as they walked toward the spot where the horses were tied, and one of them spoke up:

"I see Laclary that you and your friend drove up in a single rig. Now this is a little one-sided. We've more ladies than gentleman in our party, and two gentleman driving along together always look a little out of sorts. Suppose you change places with Miss Britton going home."

And then all the rest chimed in with a matter-of-fact air, and said it would even up matters, and that in fact the arrangement would be much better that way, etc., etc.

Oh, those Collingwoodites! *They know.* And to show how far they can carry their tact it may be mentioned that the waggon drove ahead—leaving the single rig to follow. Could consideration go farther?

And so here were Leighton and Maggie sitting together in the buggy on that delightful summer's day up on the grand old Blue Mountain range, looking down at the broad valley, and the broader bay lying away to the north-east like an immense sheet of indigo with the merest shimmer across its surface.

The scene is always inspiring and beautiful, but to-day it seemed more than ordinarily so. And yet there was something more absorbing than the scenery to those two in the buggy.

"Maggie," said he, somewhat abruptly, "why have you never married?"

"You ought to know why better than anybody," she answered, averting her face and looking away over toward the light-house with a peculiar expression of countenance.

He looked at her a moment in suspense.

"I don't quite understand you," he said.

"You never did quite understand me. You didn't understand me when I ran away from Dearborn avenue, and you misunderstood me entirely when we parted on College avenue."

He could not fail to understand her now, and seizing her hand in his he said :

"Oh Maggie why didn't you tell me then?"

"What right had I to tell you?" she said and then continued, "I *was* going to tell you though, I was going to be weak enough to yield—wrong as it was—when that telegram was handed me. The moment I read that Cousin Ethel had been killed in the railway accident in Wisconsin, it brought to mind instantly the wickedness of our relation and I could only hurry you away from my sight."

He saw the tears filling her lovely eyes and knew for the first time what it had cost her to "hurry him away."

"And Maggie then you have suffered all these years? I have suffered too, and it seems more like twenty years than five. But I have deserved the punishment and you have not—"

"Yes I deserve it," she interposed. "I was fearfully wicked. You don't know how I rebelled inwardly against fate. It was terrible!"

"But fate is no longer against us," he said gently, "you needn't rebel any longer," and he watched her to see the effect of his words.

We need not record the effect—it is none of our affair—we must not pry too closely into the secrets of an interview like that; and yet it is but sweet to say that two such happy hearts as came down the mountain side that summer afternoon had not been in the vicinity of Collingwood for many a day.

"But whatever brought you out here?" asked Maggie when they apparently, at last "understood each other."

"I came over on a business trip. We're talking of establish-

[THE END.]

ing a line of steamers between Chicago and Collingwood, and I wanted to look over the route."

"A line of steamers; won't that be lovely! It will be such a nice trip between Canada and Chicago then, and—and—" she hesitated a moment and blushed, "I shall want to visit Collingwood and the caves very often."

Then all at once a shade passed over her face and she said:

"Charles, there is only one unpleasant reflection that troubles me regarding my future life in Chicago."

"What is it my darling?" he asked tenderly.

"Why, it's about—about Mr. Lepping."

"What about him?"

"Well I suppose I shouldn't say anything of the matter, but he was—he was—very attentive to me when I was over there; and in fact—well I might as well tell it all—he was very much in love with me, and I'm afraid his affection was of a permanent nature. I'm afraid he's the kind of a man who never gets over a thing like that. It will put me in a rather unfortunate position meeting him constantly. I'm sure I'm very sorry for him, but—"

She looked up at him to see how he was taking it all and there he sat with the most amused twinkle in his eye, scarce able to contain himself. When he saw the blank look of inquiry on her face he burst into a roar of laughter, and vigorously slapped his knee with his hand to emphasize his merriment. Oh how he laughed!


She was just the least shade hurt at his actions, and rather pettishly asked what he meant.

"Oh," said he, "this is *too* good! Lepping with a permanent affection! He, 'the kind of a man who never gets over a thing like that.' Why Maggie he's been married these four years, and has the nucleus for a quite extensive family," and he roared again.

"Oh those American men," said Maggie, shaking her little loyal head, and then added reflectively, "well I'm glad anyhow."

And if the truth be told he was glad too.

A DIVIDED HOUSEHOLD.

 HOUSE divided against itself shall not stand" is a truth that parents should ponder with reference to the management of their children. You have no more acute or severe critic than your own children. If husband and wife do not agree, the very babe in her arms will be quick to discover the fact.

A group of little girls were playing on the sidewalk one bright summer day when one of them, seizing the hand of her friend hastily, ran around a corner. "What did you do that for?" said the friend. "I saw Papa coming, and he has forbidden me to play with Susie Jones." "But your Mamma knew you were playing with her, she is sewing at the window, and could see you." "O, Mamma lets me do as I please."

How can a child with such home training respect either parent? She will fear her father, but she will not respect him because she sees that her mother does not feel enough respect for him to enforce his commands in his absence. She will not respect her mother because she feels in her childish heart that her mother is wrong, and knows that her father has a good reason for not wishing her to play with Susie Jones.

How often we hear a child exclaim, when forbidden by her

mother to do something, "I'll ask Papa when he comes home," showing plainly that one parent does not uphold the authority of the other. At times a father will correct a child with more severity of expression than the fault warranted, and, painful as is such a spectacle, it is even more painful and more harmful to the child for the mother to interfere. Talk with each other privately, if needs be, in regard to your modes of correction, but let no word of your differences reach the child's ear.

It often happens that a wife and mother can not approve of her husband's course—that she must teach her children a different code of morals. "Mamma," said a young lad whose mother reproved him for swearing, "Papa swears." The mother quietly took her Bible, and opening it at the words, "Swear not at all," said, "These are the words of Christ; our duty is to obey and follow him. Let us beg Papa not to swear either." Of course this implied a criticism of "Papa," but it was so gentle and so wise that it left no feeling of disregard in the boy's heart, but rather filled it with a sort of pitying tenderness toward that erring father.

By just so much as you find fault with each other in the presence of your children, you weaken each other's authority.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

What a blessing is the calm, self-possessed person, whose presence of mind tells her exactly what ought to be done in any emergency, and whose courage inspires those around her to do what they would otherwise have found impossible. There are few people in middle life who have not had some experience in accidents; and they will all agree that, at such times, there were certain ones to whom they turned instinctively for help; while there were others—dear friends, perhaps—to whom they never thought of applying.

How shall we account for this? Partly because of a difference in individuals, but more largely because of a difference in training. Presence of mind, self-control and steady nerves may be acquired where they are not natural. A most successful woman physician had fainted away the first time she watched a surgical operation; and there are numerous instances of delicate and sensitive girls who, by training, develop nerve and self-control which make them the reliance of the whole neighborhood.

We fear the mothers who make a practice of teaching their boys and girls what to do in case of the various accidents, so liable to occur, are in a small minority; yet no mother should neglect this part of her children's training.

Every child should be told exactly how to act in case his clothing should take fire; and not only told, but he should be made to go through with it all so often that, if the danger really come, he will save himself unconsciously. By turns, each child should be treated as if rescued from drowning, the other children going through all the operations necessary to restore consciousness.

Children are naturally interested in these things, and will quickly gain knowledge which may save their own or other lives.

SLEEP vs. INSOMNIA.

“TIREB NATURES SWEET RESTORER—BALMY SLEEP.”

Sleep not only rests the brain, but the heart and the lungs and other organs, for during this condition the pulse becomes less frequent, the respiratory movements slower, the secretions are reduced in quantity, and the peristaltic movements of the stomach and bowels are less rapid; the eye is also rested, in fact the whole body.

Wakefulness at a time when one should be asleep undermines the strength, and soon incapacitates one for efficient work; therefore, no one who values health will do anything to produce insomnia. In many cases insomnia is produced by irregular habits in the matter of retiring.

As soon as insomnia threatens to become an established habit, one should take warning, seek out the cause and make a radical change of living. If one lives in the noisy part of the town, a move should be made to a quiet neighborhood, or better still to the country, where fresh air and exercise may help on a cure.

A warm bath taken before retiring cleanses the skin of effete matter thrown off, also removes the dust and dirt accumulated during the day, and rests and soothes the tired nerves, and thus induces sleep.

The general correctives for sleeplessness are a moderate amount of bodily exercise, active employment, freedom from anxiety and care, a light, nutritious diet, in some cases, a warm bath, and in others a bite to eat of something easily digestible before retiring.

FOOD AND GOOD LOOKS.

Food has almost everything to do with woman's good looks. I never saw a vegetarian yet who was comely in appearance. At best they look like badly cured invalids, gaunt, dull eyed or with gutters below the eyes and faded complexions. Vegetarians allow and largely use the most difficult foods in the world for sedentary people, milk and eggs. The yolks of eggs are said by one physician to be hard to digest and a promoter of rheumatism. I think he can hardly be speaking of fresh laid eggs twelve hours from the nest and lightly cooked. But it is true that stale eggs, or those heated by carrying or kept in unwholesome contact develop a poison as deadly as the tyrotoxin of impure milk, if not identical with it. We must one and all protest against the taxation on imported eggs. The Hamburg eggs at nine cents a dozen will answer for painters' work and dressing glove skins, which call for millions of eggs yearly, but failing the foreign supply must cripple home resources and take the invalid's chief nourishment away from his lips.

Doubtless not a few of the cases of large waists and bloated figures among women, all which are on the way to fevers and rheumatisms, would improve by the strict diet of scraped beef pulp broiled, with toasted brown bread, with little sugar or starchy food.

Errors in food are dangerous in nursing mothers, who not only damage their own beauty for life by poor nourishment but fail to supply children with strength of constitution. Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent writer on food, says:—“Most of the diseases which embitter the middle and latter part of life are due to avoidable errors in diet. These errors begin many times when the child is a few hours old and continue through the earlier years of life, laying the foundation on which to build the future person.” “To fully nourish a child,” we are told, “the mother or nurse must furnish from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred pounds of good milk during the first year of its life, and this must contain from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and forty pounds of solid matter—more than many women weigh,” says Dr. Cool, who goes on to state that the nervous system contains as a constituent a phosphorized oil found in the yolk of egg, in the human blood, and in butter and cream especially.

THE FIRST LADY OF FRANCE.

Mdme. Carnot, the wife of the President of the French Republic, is one of the ladies holding a public position with whom the Parisians have no fault to find, except the few cynics who smile maliciously when they hear how freely money flows from the Elysée into the channels of the charitable. The President's wife, they say, has a veritable mania for imitating royalty in her endeavours to appear a Lady Bountiful. Mdme. Carnot, however, takes no notice of such gossip, doing her duty in the way which seems right to her. The personal appearance of Mdme. Carnot is very attractive. She is very dark, with magnificent black eyes, rather delicate-looking, but with an expression of great intelligence and kindness. She is always well and beautifully dressed, and is seen as frequently in the quarters of the poor as at the receptions and entertainments of the wealthy. She speaks several languages, and when M. Dumont White, her father, published the first translation of Stuart Mill in France, it was his daughter, Mdme. Carnot, who had mastered the difficult task of translating the work.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

FOR OLD VIRGINIA!

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF SECESSION.

BY HENRY HERMAN.

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IT WAS a glorious summer night—that night of the 23rd of August, 1862—and Thoroughfare Gap lay hidden in its own deep shadow. All along the gap side the rays of the moon barely touched the tops of the trees, and edged the leaves with lines of greyish light. Beyond the mouth of the pass, the undulating plain lay bathed in a thin opal haze that mingled with the soft glow of the queen of the night and made the fields of ripening green corn appear like unto silver seas kept in lazy stir by the summer breeze.

The turnpike road from Gainesville and the railroad both ran through Thoroughfare Gap. The latter had seen little or no rolling stock or use since General Pope had assumed the command of the army of the Potomac and had allowed the Gap to become a sort of neutral ground, held by the Federal cavalry one day, and threatened by Confederate scouts on the next. The road to Fauquier County ran by the side of the iron way, now above it, then on the same level, driving down towards the disused Gap Depot and toiling up again at the south-western end of the pass, where it crept away into the open country behind the outlying spurs of the Blue Ridge, towards White Plains and Salem.

A rough and simple, and roomy, one-storied log-house nestled by the side of the turnpike about a quarter-of-a-mile from the north-eastern end of the Gap. The hills rose nearly sheer at its back, with knolls of cedars, pines and red oaks, springing upwards from ledges here and there, and clothing with their verdure the otherwise naked, steep incline. A little spring gushed from the womb of the low mountains and after half-a-dozen eccentric bounds and splashes, it tumbled headlong into a little pool, and then gurgled away to the roadside where it continued its course hemmed in by banks of grass and ferns.

Josh Evered lived in that primitive home and had lived there these thirty odd years and more, ever since, after a short quarrel with a peppery father, he had shouldered his gun and had left the parental roof by Harper's Ferry, determined to fight his own way in the world. He had fought his way since then, without many ups or downs either, and he had planted his corn, and grown his sweet potatoes and his beans, and distilled his apple-jack during all these years, and had lived in peace and quiet, a peaceable and quiet man on whom his fifty odd years sat very lightly indeed. His long hair and flowing beard that had once boasted a golden hue were now strongly tinged with silver, but his face was fresh, ruddy, and but slightly furrowed by wrinkles. He was tall and wiry, all thew and sinew; a life hardy, wholesome, and temperate had left him stronger than many a man half his age might be. He was a Virginian to the bone and to the heart, born and bred in the Old State, and loving it as a man might love his wife, or as a son might revere his mother. But when the war broke out and Virginia took sides with the rest of the Southern States, Josh Evered refused to follow his neighbors into the field against the star-spangled flag of the Union-Culepepper men, Fauquier County men, the men from Warrington, from Centreville, from the Gap even, had

donned the Confederate grey, and were fighting under J. B. Stuart, and Stonewall Jackson, and Longstreet, for the cause of the South.

But Josh Evered listened to none of them.

"The Union first, an' Virginny after," he replied to them all. "When I take down that thar old gun o' mine, it'll be for the Union."

He was true to his word. During the many months, when Beauregard, and Johnston after him, occupied Manassas, Josh Evered fretted and fumed in ill-repressed rage in his mountain home. The Southern commanders, knowing his Unionist proclivities, treated him none too kindly, and left a feeling of deadly hatred ranking within him, where but indifference to their fortunes and a hope of success of the Northern cause had slumbered before. The Confederate soldiers who were encamped in the neighborhood also knew him as a Union man, and he had to suffer bitterly from their gibes and jeers. It was only when McClellan's regiments swept over the deserted breastworks by the Bull Run that he again breathed freely. His heart leaped within him and he took down the old rifle. He was a dead shot, and knew the whole country for miles round, and every path and tree in it with an intimate surety. During all that Spring and early Summer of 1862, while McClellan's forces lay on the Peninsula, he had perforce to remain idle, but when the tide of war swept Northward again, his chance came. The work of the Southern scouts became more dangerous than ever, and the bearers of secret despatches between Washington and Richmond found their tasks rendered nearly impossible.

Night after night Josh sallied out towards White Plains or towards Gainesville, as the case might be, with his trusty rifle swung across his shoulder, and with his flask full of powder and his pouch filled with bullets. Pouch and flask both were generally lighter when he re-entered his house than when he left it, and through it all Josh seemed to bear a charmed life, for he came without a scratch out of all his skirmishes with scouts, raiders and couriers.

Josh had a son and a daughter. The son, a bright-eyed, handsome lad of thirteen, lived with him, and it was a mercy of God that he was too young to enlist in a Confederate regiment, else father and son might have been fighting against one another. The daughter, Belle, had been away from home these six months past, Josh having allowed her to go to Richmond, on a visit to his brother Jonathan. Letters from the Southern Capital reached the Gap only with difficulty, and Josh was therefore but little disturbed by the absence of news about his daughter.

Josh was kneeling by his fireside on that summer night, melting a small lump of mutton fat by the warmth of a lighted candle which he had placed on the hearth, and rubbing it with his rifle which he turned round and round with a studious care. The candle on the floor, and another on the big, heavy, oaken table, looked like two golden smears in the sparse moonlight that stole shyly through the upper part of the one broad window,

the lower portion being draped with short, red curtains. By the table sat Josh's son, Silas, busily engaged in cutting up and preparing for the next meal a pile of beans.

Amiability was not one of Josh Evered's general virtues, and just then he was far from being in a complacent mood. Silas had been "sarsing" him, as lads of his age are apt to do, and Josh was wrath.

"You answer me back agen any more," he cried, his bright, grey eyes flashing at the lad, "and I'll knock that thar head o' your'n off your shoulders. Who's bin a meddlin' with this here gun o' mine?" he added, stimulated by a new cause of anger. "D'ye hear? Who's been a meddlin' with this here gun o' mine? Dern your skin, d'ye hear?"

The lad looked sheepishly at the old man.

"Yes, father," he replied, with a well-assumed air of timidity.

"Then why don't y' answer?" exclaimed Josh, fiercely striking the floor with the butt of his rifle. "Ain't you got a mouth?"

"You said I wasn't to, father," Silas answered, as quietly as before.

The boy's submissive manner appeased the old Unionist's wrath.

"You speak when you're spoken to," he said, "an' don't do it then 'xcept you're 'lowed. Git me a needle. This derned fat won't melt nohow, an' I've got a bit of it in the nipple hole."

"I ain't got no needle as I know on," the boy replied, stroking back his long hair.

Josh looked up, and his eyes glistened.

"Go an' scrape one out from 'mong them fallals Belle's left behind her," he said, and Silas, finding obstreperousness unprofitable, went into the side chamber to fetch the object required. "I wonder where that gell's gone to," continued Josh to himself. "Six months is a tidy old spell o' time for a maid to be foolin' about away from home. I wish I'd never 'lowed her to go to Richmond. I count Jonathan'll take care of her, though he's as big a Reb as ever breathed."

"Here's a needle, father," said Silas re-entering. Then he stopped by the old man's side while the latter remained busy with his rifle, and after fidgetting about for a minute or two, he burst out with the sudden question:

"Are you goin' out agen to-night father?"

Josh looked up.

"Yes, I am," he said quietly. "What's that gotten to do with you?"

"You might as well leave the boys alone," said the lad.

"What boys?" asked Josh, pretending not to understand his son's meaning.

"Why *our* boys!" answered the latter emphatically. "The Virginny boys. *You'll* get brought home with a bullet thro' your pants one night, and you'll see how you like that."

Josh rose, and placing his rifle in the corner of the fire place, he put his hand on the boy's shoulder and looked him straight in the face.

"Look here, sonnie," he said with a solemn calm. "I'm agoin' to tell you somethin'. You ain't old enough to talk, but you're old enough to listen. When you're asked about the boys in grey and the boys in blue I'll tell you what you've gotten to say. D'ye see that old flint lock up thar?" he asked, pointing to a gun that was hanging over the small hood of the fire-place. "D'ye know who that belonged to?"

"Yes," replied Silas, "it belonged to gran'father."

"Yes," continued the old Virginian, slowly and impressively, "it belonged to gran'father. An' d'ye know what he used it for?"

"He fowt agen the Britishers," answered the boy.

Josh took his rifle from the fire-place and commenced to load it methodically.

"He did so, sonnie," he said, keeping his gaze fixed upon the boy, "an' what did he fight for! Why to make this great an' glorious Union, as every true American is proud of. We fowt an' bled agen old England, an' we whopped 'em—an' we built up—listen to this my lad—we built up the biggest nation that ever shone on the face o' nature. It's ours my lad, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, an' the Seceshers want to split it into pieces an' make two little bits of it—two little bits. D'ye see—but the boys in blue want to hold it together, an' they mean to hold it together. I'm a pretty old 'un, sonnie, but I'm agoin' to fight to hold it together—aye, agen my own brother if need be, while I've gotten a grain o' grit in my gizzard, an' if I do get a bullet through my pants, I'll walk to the graveyard with it. But before that happens I'll pot a Reb or two. I'm a Virginian, but ole Virginny has been in the Union all these years, an' she'll come back into it—the Lord bein' willin'—though the devil himself may try to keep her out."

He had taken off his hat, and spoke the last words bareheaded, reverently, devoutly, and simply. Then he took his bullet pouch from the peg wheron it hung and attached it to his belt.

The lad had watched him and had listened to him. He was but thirteen, and, at that early age, was thrown into the midst of that fratricidal war, which raged nowhere more fiercely than in that part of the old State. All the boys of the neighborhood, but three or four years older than he, were wearing the grey. The cavalry regiments that were scouring the country, as Lee's Advance Guards, were recruited from among the prime of the manhood whom he knew. He had seen a battle, too. About a year previously, when the guns roared by the Bull Run, he had stolen out to watch the fight. Boys of his age have no sense of danger. To Silas the clouds of grey vapour, and the puffs of white smoke' rattle of the musketry, the sharp cracks of the howitzers, and the thunder of the heavier guns were simply so many visible and audible signs of glorious military excitement. He would have dearly liked to be allowed to shoulder a musket. The scarlet star-crossed battle flag of the Confederacy became a sort of oriflame to his boyish fancy, and whatever was done under its shadow was good and holy to him. He understood nothing, and could understand nothing of the real difference between North and South; all that he knew was that he loved Virginia, and hated the Yankees who had invaded Virginia. His father he thought perverse, unreasonable, and spiteful, and although he dared not contradict him, he had made up his youthful mind as to which was the right side to fight on.

"I suppose you've made your mind up, father?" he said, watching the latter.

"Made my mind up!" exclaimed the old man. "That is so, sonnie. I made it up before you were born or thought about. The Ohio boys are up at Gainesville, an' I'm goin' to look them up, an' if I should hit on any Reb on the road, he'll plug me or I'll plug him, that's safe as corn shucks. Now, I ain't a-goin' to fool away my time with you no longer," he added, taking up his rifle and fixing a cap on the nipple. "You stay in the house, an' don't you go a-wanderin' about the Gap. I'm off, an' if you hear a pop or two, you may reckon as your ole father's in it an' enjoyin' of himself."

With that he shouldered his weapon and strode out of doors.

His horse was tethered to a stout young red oak, and was pawing the ground impatiently. He neighed eagerly when he saw his master, as if panting to be away in the open. Josh swung himself upon his horse, and directly afterwards the clatter of the hoofs over the rough stones of the unrepaired road resounded through the Gap.

Silas had cleared away the stock of beans and had carried them to the small room which was used as a larder. He returned to the principal chamber of the log house, and stood at the door looking after his father who could still be seen, a tiny black figure against the moonlit sky of the open.

"There he goes," the boy said to himself, "and as likely as not to meet Belle. I don't care to think of it. She's gotten the devil's own luck, and she'll get through without his coming across her I dare venture."

He waited until the horse and rider were out of sight, and then took from between the two thicknesses of the cuff of his flannel shirt, where he had hidden it, a small bit of folded paper. A precious bit of paper. To him a priceless bit of paper, for it was from his darling sister Belle. From his sister Belle who was at Washington risking her life in the cause of the South. Old Dan had brought it to him. Dan was an aged negro who had known Belle Evered from babyhood, who had hundreds of times rocked her on his knee, and had brought this message from his former young mistress, though he knew that if his purpose were discovered, his life would not be worth a day's purpose. Dan was but a slave, but one of those unreasoning, simple creatures who shared with the dog the latter's faithfulness, and often the latter's treatment. Had Josh known that the old black carried messages between the lines, he would have handed him over to the Federal cavalry and Dan would have been shot or hanged without mercy.

A woman's hasty scrawl covered the little slip. "Expect me to-morrow night," it said, "or early the next morning. Have my clothes ready. Belle."

Something of importance was evidently in the wind, else Belle would not have been so particular in giving him timely notice. If she had to get through to Richmond, her task, once through the Gap, would not be difficult. The open country beyond Salem was swarming with Southern scouts. He, Silas, had been to White Plains the day before and found it occupied by a troop of Virginia cavalry. Once with them Belle would be safe, whatever her purpose might be.

In this contest, where the father was ranged on one side and the son and daughter on the other, filial affection was none the less strong. Had the lad been asked to lay down his life for the South he would have done it gladly, but he would have done it as cheerfully to save his old father.

Just then Silas was a trifle perplexed. He did not know whether it were wiser for him to go to sleep and to snatch a few hours rest, so as to be bright and awake as a weasel in the early morning, or whether to sit up and watch for Belle's coming. In this dilemma he flew to his usual solace. He pulled from his trouser pocket a plug of tobacco, and from a hole underneath the hood of the fireplace, he produced a pipe which he himself had manufactured out of a wild cherry root.

"I must have a pipe o' tobacker," he said to himself cutting up the plug, and filling his pipe. "There ain't nothin' as soothes yer nerves like a pipe o' tobacker. The old man would give me a sore head if he knowed I smoked—that he would."

He sat himself down on a heavy three legged stool which he placed by the side of the door, shading the top of his pipe with his hand so that the red glow should not be seen by anyone

coming down the road. The lovely stillness was undisturbed except by the sough of the trees and the even-toned muffled turmoil of the tiny mountain stream.

Soon the boy's eyelids began to droop, his pleasant occupation notwithstanding, and he leant back against the jamb of the door. The hand which held his pipe dropped lax by his side, and then the pipe itself fell to the ground.

At thirteen one can sleep at any time and in any position, and Silas slept as a healthy boy of his age would.

The moon had risen high, and its silver green light was spread like a sparkling fairy foam over the Gap, when two shots broke the stillness.

Silas jumped up and rubbed his eyes.

"I hope it ain't Belle," he muttered. "I hope it ain't Belle."

He strained his eyes, and looked in the direction of the moon-swathed opening at the top of the Gap.

A few minutes of anxious expectation, and a man on horseback came tearing down the sharply inclined road.

"It is Belle, after all," cried the boy. "My God—what's happened?"

CHAPTER II.

The rider, who came at a break-neck speed pace down the Gap was indeed a woman, though attired in the fashion of a man. For a woman she was tall. She was well built, and straight as a larch, and, even with her dark hair falling over her shoulders, it would have been difficult, except by the closest scrutiny, to discover her sex, especially in the hazy moonlight that prevailed. She was dressed in a jacket of brown homespun and trousers of the same material, booted and spurred. A big, black, broad-brimmed hat was drawn tightly over her brow, and she wore an ordinary United States ammunition blanket, rolled and strapped in soldier-fashion, swung from the left shoulder to the right hip.

She came down the Gap road with body bent forward to the neck of her horse, and, every now and then, casting anxious glances behind her. Her right hand gripped nervously a Colt's army revolver, whilst her left held both the whip and the reins. The horse was smothered with foam, and blood was trickling from its haunch. She barely pulled in her steed as she arrived at the door of the house, and jumping from her mount, hit it a good slash with her whip. The animal, freed from all control and thus startled, went away down the Gap at a foaming gallop, and was out of sight at a slight turn of the road, while the boy and Belle were still looking after him.

"What did you do that for, Belle," asked the boy. "You won't be able to ketch him agen so soon."

"I don't want to catch him," she replied, drawing a heavy breath; "I want him to be away." Her eyes travelled fearfully towards the plain at the top of the Gap. "I hope to God I didn't hit him," she muttered. "In God's mercy I hope I didn't. Let's come indoors."

"Hit him?" asked the boy as they entered the room. "Hit whom?"

"Father," she replied. "I had to do it; of course he didn't know me. He fired at me, and I had to kill his horse, and it went down."

At that moment the sound of men's shouts and of many hoofs reached them through the stillness of the night. Belle looked out of the window.

"They're coming," she cried. "A whole troop of Yankee cavalry. Where are my clothes?"

"In your own room," the boy answered calmly. "Is it another despatch you're carrying Belle?"

She gripped his hand and looked into his eyes.

"I am carrying a paper upon which the whole fate of the campaign depends, General Lee must have it to-morrow. Life is nothing to it. Detain them for two or three minutes while I get these things off and my own clothes on. Keep a cool head on your shoulders. I shall be able to hear every word you say across the plank partition."

The door of the inner room slammed and she was gone. Belle had spoken rightly. A whole troop of Federal cavalry came dashing down the hill, and among them seated behind one of the soldiers was Josh.

"This is where he disappeared," cried the Federal officer. "Right at the door of your house Mr. Evered. He must have gone in there."

"We'll dern soon have him out then, captin," replied the old man. "Thar won't be many places on this earth I reckon, that'll be hotter for a reb than my shanty. Dern his hide, he's killed my hoss, the son of a gun, and very nigh made a hole in me, an' I'll make him pay for it or my name ain't Josh."

The troopers were crowding round the house in the disorderly order of cavalry arriving pell mell at a point down-hill. The captain's voice brought them to a disciplined formation.

"You'll do your best, I know, Mr. Evered," said the officer, "and I'll make sure of my man. Corporal Burrows," he continued, "dismount. Do you see that path leading into the cedars on the other side of the railroad? Take two men and search that. Corporal Jones take half-a-dozen men down the road as far as the Gap Depot. Keep your eyes skinned, for there may be Rebs down there. Sergeant Billing put two men up the road and two men down the road and let nobody pass. Now, Mr. Josh, I'm at your service."

The old man was rubbing his limbs, for a fall from a horse was none too comfortable for a man of his age, strong and wiry though he was.

"I'm with you, captin," he cried. "Here, you sleepy son of a sea-cook," he added, finding himself face to face with his son. "Nobody's bin here, I s'pose? Nobody's stuck away here?"

"Nobody, but Belle, father," replied the lad, with a well-feigned air of discontentedness.

"Belle!" exclaimed Josh. "Belle! She's come home?"

"Yes," replied Silas calmly, yawning as though he were relating the most commonplace event in the world. "She's come home. She's walked all the way from Salem, she's dead tired and she's gone inside to have a clean up."

Although there was but one candle alight in the room, the bright rays of the moon were streaming in through the open door and the big window and made it nearly as light as day. The Federal captain had been standing in the doorway listening to father and son. He was a tall square-shouldered man of some twenty-eight or thirty years. He wore a crisp fair beard and moustache, and there was an air of decision and dogged stubbornness about him that bode ill to any enemy he came across.

"Belle?" he asked, "Who is Belle?" There was a tone of distrust about his speech which nettled the old man.

"Belle is my gell, Captin Hale," he answered, "an when she's tidied herself you shall see her. My gell, Captin Hale," he repeated.

"Yes," added Silas, as if to emphasize his father's speech, "Belle's my sister."

"All right," replied the officer good-humoredly, "I shall be happy to meet her. You're sure nobody else has been here?"

"Not a soul," answered Silas.

A slight noise became audible in the next room at that moment, and Captain Hale, casting a doubtful look at the lad, repeated his question.

"You are quite sure nobody else has been here?" he asked, and made a movement towards the inner door.

Josh intercepted him.

"Hold on? Hold hard," he exclaimed, "my gell's thar."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Josh—I forgot. Anything to eat in this part of the State?"

"Thar's plenty of hoss flesh," grunted Josh. "New killed, dog dern it. What I'm goin' to do for another hoss I don't know. I gev eighty dollars for that hoss at Fairfax Courthouse eight years ago, an' he was as good as new this mornin'. An' now he's worth nothin', 'xcept for his skin, an' that's got a hole through it."

"Better a hole through *his* skin than yours," Hale replied, laughingly, "Where's that spread you promised me?"

"We've got some fine green corn, gotten new," Josh drawled, scratching his head, "an' we've gotten some beans—Silas cut 'em awhile ago—'an we've gotten some hominy 'an some pickled pork, 'an some rippin molasses."

"Hang it all," replied Hale, "we've lots of that in camp."

"I've something that you ain't got in camp," replied Josh mysteriously. "I've gotten some apple-jack as'll make your teeth curl. Fetch that bottle out of the cupboard, Mister Lazy," he cried to Silas.

While the lad did as he was required, the old Virginian took a couple of glasses from the shelf that ran along the hood of the fireplace, and wiped them with a piece of washleather that was hanging on the wall.

"I hope your boys'll ketch that fellow that shot my horse, captin," he said. "It's my own fault—I oughtn't have missed him."

"By the way," asked Hale, looking Silas up and down, "you look like a wide-awake youngster, and I daresay you've got eyes in your head, though you do keep a bridle upon your tongue, I fancy. Did you see a man ride by here just before we came!"

The boy met the soldier's glance steadily and unabashedly.

"A man ride by here?" he replied, in a totally even and unaffected tone. "Thar have bin two or three."

"Two or three!" exclaimed Hale. "When did the last one come by?"

"Just as you said he did, just afore you come," answered Silas, while a curious grin mantled over his face. "He's nigh on White Plains by this time, the rate he was a-goin'. Belle was at White Plains this evenin' ;" he raised his voice a barely perceptible trifle, "an' Belle says that some o' the Southern cavalry is at White Plains. Maybe," he added, with a half-turn of the shoulder, "that some o' the boys you sent to ketch that chap will get ketched themselves, captin."

Hale looked at the boy coldly.

"Maybe," he said, "but perhaps you had best keep your private opinions to yourself."

"I told you a little while ago, sonnie," cried Josh, edging up to his son with extended threatening forefinger, while he filled the glasses with his left. "I told you a little while ago to speak when you were spoke to. Don't you mind him, captin," he continued, turning round to the Federal officer, "the young rip think she's a reb. I'll 'reb' him until the seat of his pants get that thin that he won't be able to wear them no more."

He had filled the two glasses, and holding them up to the moonlight, examined them with a loving eye.

"Taste that, captin," he said, cheerily. "You won't get no applejack like that between here an' Baltimore, I'll bet. It'll lift the roof of your head off. They can't show you anything like that in the Sixteenth Ohio, I'm dog-gone sure."

The officer raised his glass.

"Here's success to the Union, Mr. Josh," he cried, "and confusion to old Jeff Davis."

"The stars an' stripes," exclaimed the old Virginian, imitating the soldier's example. "God love 'em—long may they wave."

Their glasses were still at their lips when a handsome young woman appeared at the door of the side chamber. It was Bella Evered.

CHAPTER IV.

An exclamation of surprise and admiration surged to the soldier's lips for the woman before him was indeed handsome. A hypercritical scrutiniser might have termed her beauty a little masculine, but there was a peculiar charm about her eyes which forced itself into prominence. She was attired in a gown of simple blue cotton print, but there was an unalterable indication of the lady about her. Admiration was not the only feeling that possessed itself of Captain Hale. In the selfsame flash of time his mind became puzzled. He had seen that face before, of that he was sure, but where he knew not, nor under what circumstances.

Belle went to her father, and the old man taking her in his arms, kissed her on the forehead.

"My Belle!" he exclaimed proudly. "That's my Belle captin. That's a gell, there's what ole Virginny can do when she lays herself out to do it. Look at those roses. That's my daughter, Captin Hale."

The cavalry man was standing with his back to the window, and his face remained veiled by the dim light of the room. At the mention of the name of Captain Hale, Belle shrank back involuntarily but recovered her self-possession the moment afterwards.

"Captain Hale," she muttered to herself "Captain Hale."

She had recognised the face in an instant, and she knew that the man before her knew her well in another guise, and had known her in Washington for months past. She had worn fair hair then, and powder and puff, and the aids of the toilette had done much to change her appearance. The thought of her mission, of her duty, flashed across her, and nerved her.

"I've got to get through with it," she thought, "that's all."

"I'm very pleased to meet Miss Evered," said Captain Hale advancing and extending his hand. He was about to add another expression of polite banality, when, as he stepped out of the way, the light of the moon fell full on Belle's face, and he could not repress an exclamation, and at the same time dropping the proffered hand.

Whilst the daughter stood there silently, smiling enigmatically, the father looked from the man to the girl, and saw that something was amiss.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

The first shock of the astonishment being over, the dragoon became the man of the world again.

"I beg pardon if I startled you, Miss Evered," he said with a studious bow, "but I was amazed by your likeness to—to—to—"

"To whom?" asked the young woman as if endeavouring to help him out of the difficulty.

The soldier was more nonplussed than ever. It was not only the face and figure that reminded him of somebody he had seen,

but the voice also seemed familiar to him. Yet there was a difference somewhere, but where the difference lay, or what it was he could not tell.

In a contest of this kind, between a man and a woman, the woman is sure to be the more practised comedian.

"May I ask who has the misfortune to resemble me?" enquired Belle Evered, as simply and naively as if she had asked a trivial question in a drawing-room.

Hale saw but one way of solving the riddle, and he went to the charge in true soldier-fashion, plump and straight.

"Pardon me, Miss Evered," he said, "have you been in Washington recently?"

The air of well-acted surprise that spread over Miss Evered's features went far to persuade the man of war that he must somehow or other, after all, be mistaken in his surmises.

"Washington?" she exclaimed, in tone of enquiry that was actually convincing.

The simple-minded father unconsciously came to his daughter's assistance.

"Washington?" he repeated. "She ain't been to Washington these three years—have you, Belle?"

From each moment that passed the girl drew fresh encouragement. Her ready wit came to her instant aid, and she began to feel comparatively safe in the knowledge of her own gifts of polite intrigue.

"Captain Hale looks puzzled, father," she said, with a captivating smile. "He must have discovered a *very* striking likeness."

The soldier did not reply. He knew the face, yet there *was* a difference, though he could not fathom it.

"Who is the lady, Captain Hale?" inquired Belle, with a tone of banter in her melodious voice. "You must excuse me for being curious, but it is not every day one hears anything so interesting. I have been living at Richmond, you know," she continued, looking the officer straight in the eyes, "among the Rebels, as you call them, and they are such dull company—at least they can hardly hope to compare with your gallant and chivalrous North."

Josh sat down on a big, wooden chair, and slapping his thighs, laughed aloud.

"Well clawed, pussy!" he exclaimed. "She's a bit of a Reb herself, captin; but a gell's politics don't do much harm to nobody. She's bin living among the Rebs ever since they cleared out o' Manasses last winter."

Hale had never taken his eyes from the fair Virginian.

"Then it is clearly impossible," he said, in a tone of quiet commonplace, "that I should have known you in Washington for the past three or four months, Miss Evered."

His reply was as unruffled as his statement.

"Clearly impossible," she said.

He broke out again nevertheless.

"And yet," he exclaimed, and then checked himself.

"And yet what?" asked Belle.

"I could have sworn," he said pointedly, "that Miss Evered and the beautiful Miss Faraday, of Washington, were one and the same person."

A silvery mocking laugh answered him.

"You flatter the detecting likenesses, Captain Hale," replied the girl. "And who is the beautiful Miss Faraday?"

The soldier did not know what to make of it. He knew that laugh, yet the tone of enquiry was so sincere that he could not help confessing to himself that he must be mistaken.

"She is a lady moving in Washington society," he retorted, rather pointedly. "She counts her lovers by the score—and her victims by—say the half-dozen."

"Were you a lover, Captain Hale," Belle asked archly, "or a victim, or perhaps both together?" This was accompanied by a look so naive that it nearly entirely disarmed the captain's suspicions.

"I was nearly the one," he answered, "and I might have been the other, but for a terrible forewarning."

"You interest me," said the girl. "A terrible forewarning?"

"Yes," continued the soldier. "The best comrade I ever had in my life blew his brains out five days ago."

The girl's face grew a trifle pale, and she bit her lips as the thought of a handsome brave, and hopeful young fellow welled to her mind.

"Poor Jack!" she muttered, in her inmost heart. "He had to go."

The cavalry man did not notice the momentary change in her appearance and manner. The instant after she was adamant again.

"He loved her madly," he went on, but she did not care a rap for him. She did not care a rap for anybody."

"I'm afraid you *don't* flatter in detecting likenesses," said Belle, with a confused smile.

The conversation might have ceased there, had not Josh thrown in his mite.

"What did he blow his brains out for?" he inquired, sarcastically. "I notice that the fellers that blow their brains out ain't got none as a general rule."

"Poor Jack Skeen had brains enough," Hale replied, sadly. "He had just got his lieutenant-colonelcy, and was appointed to General Halleck's staff, and his first duty was to carry an important despatch to General Pope. To make a long story short, before riding away, he went to say good-bye to Miss Faraday at a ball she was at that evening, and before three o'clock in the morning Jack reeled into his quarters looking more dead than alive. He went upstairs and blew his brains out, and the despatch hasn't been seen since."

Had the light been stronger, had not his emotion drawn a thin veil of moisture across his eyes, the soldier would have noticed the involuntary tremor that possessed itself for a few seconds of the woman in front of him. But ere he had time to look up he was met by the bland question.

"But what had Miss Faraday to do with your friend's death?"

"Poor Jack could have told, I fancy," was the rather gruff answer. "Nobody else can tell, worse luck."

She breathed a little more freely. He might suspect her, but he evidently had not made up his mind that he was able to recognise her. Her self-possession grew stronger.

"That would seem to insinuate," she said, "that Miss Faraday got the despatch from him, but really you don't mean to persuade me, Captain Hale, that ladies use despatches in Washington."

"No," he replied sharply, "they don't use them, but we have shrewd suspicions there are some who carry them."

"You don't really think you've got that kind o' cattle up thar," cried Josh, springing up.

"Women playin' the spy game!"

"I don't merely think it," replied the soldier, with his eyes fixed on Belle, "I'm nearly sure of it."

"Well," cried the old Virginian, "I ain't hard on the petticoats as a general rule, but if I caught a gell at that game I'd

shoot her just as soon as I would a man. By the living jingo, I'd do it, if it was my own flesh and blood."

Belle shot one glance at her father as he spoke, and then dropped her eyes as if searching the ground for some object hidden there. The speech had cut her to the heart, and for the first time, she measured the chasm which separated her and her cause from her parent. She knew that Josh never spoke lightly, he would be true to his word. There was nothing to be hoped for from him.

A sudden flash of recognition penetrated the cloud that had hitherto shrouded Belle's features from Captain Hale with a veil of mystery.

"Begad I've got it," he thought. "I know where the difference lies. She wore fair hair in Washington, and now she's dark. That's it. It's Miss Faraday for a million. I think I'll ride down Gap, Mr. Josh," he said to the old Virginian, "and I'll just see if any of my boys have come across that fellow. A curious thing occurred," he added turning to Belle, "a little while ago. A fellow on horseback dashed by one of my pickets, and when your father went after him he killed your father's horse. We pursued him down the Gap, and it was just here where we lost sight of him. Strange isn't it?"

"Very strange," the young woman replied calmly. "You should not have allowed him to get away."

"It aint yet writ in the constitooshun of the United states as that fellow's got away," interrupted Josh. "I'll come along with you, captin, if you will be so good as to give me a mount. I know the Gap better'n you, and Belle you might get supper ready, there's a good gell."

The soldier walked to the door, and then turned on his heel.

"*Au revoir* Miss—," he said, and then paused for a moment, but immediately added, "Miss Evered."

She took no apparent notice of the purposed hesitation, and his frigid manner seemed to have an equally imperceptible effect upon her.

"*Au revoir*, Captain Hale," she answered in her most bewitching manner.

He stood outside the door for a second or two, looking at her steadfastly, and mechanically clanking his sabre against the stones of the road.

"I'll have an eye kept on you, my lady," he muttered between his teeth. "I'll wager a thousand dollar bill to a half dime piece she is Miss Faraday."

Josh had brushed past him.

"Come along, captin," he cried eagerly, "we're burnin'. It'll be black as pitch down in the Gap in another half-hour."

With that, at a mute sign from Captain Hale, he closed the door. Belle standing motionless in the centre of the room, and straining her ears could distinguish naught but some muffled orders given here and there, and the heavy tramp of the dragons as they moved to and fro on the road. Then the horses stirred and neighed, and a troop of them went at a rapid pace down the Gap.

"He not only suspects," she said to herself. "He knows me." A cold shiver possessed itself of her, her dauntless courage notwithstanding, and she walked to the window, as if hoping to find warmth and cheer in the light of the moon.

CHAPTER V.

During all the previous interview Silas had sat quietly and mutely on a rough, three-legged stool in the further corner of the room. When they were all gone, and silence reigned again down the road and around the house, interrupted only by the

monotonous tread of the sentinels, and the occasional pawing of the tethered horses, he stepped cautiously to the window out of which Belle was looking. Her face was pale, and her hands trembled nervously, and she started as the lad touched her on the shoulder, and breathed her name—

"Belle!"

"Yes, Silas," she replied softly.

"Are you that Miss Faraday?" asked the boy.

"I am," she answered in a tone of perfect tranquillity.

"You've got the despatch?" enquired the boy, in a speech as composed as his sister's.

She pulled a folded paper about the size of a man's hand from her bosom.

"Here," she said and replaced it again.

"And General Lee's got to have it?" Silas demanded.

There was a slight vibration in her voice as she said—

"He must have it to-morrow."

"General Lee's on the Rapidan?" asked the boy.

"Most likely," she answered. "I heard you say the Southern cavalry were at White Plains."

"So they are," replied the lad. "I saw 'em this mornin'."

"What regiment?" she demanded.

"They're Ashby's men," answered the boy. "All Fauquier and Culpepper boys. Every man of 'em knows you."

"That would be all right," she retorted, quietly, "if I could get at them. Silas," she added, in a voice that trembled with emotion, while she placed her hands upon the youth's shoulders and looked him in the face, "if I asked you to do something very dangerous, would you be afraid?"

The youngster's face brightened, and his eyes glistened.

"Not if it's for Virginny," he exclaimed. "I ain't a man yet, I reckon, but I shall be one some o' these days; and when I'm growed up I want to be proud of myself."

"That Yankee knows me," she continued, slowly and solemnly, "I am sure of it. He suspects that I have the despatch, and is only puzzled to think how I came here. He'll never allow me to get away; but there is a chance, and just a chance, of your getting to White Plains."

"Why didn't you hold on, then, instead o' comin' in here?" cried the lad, excitedly.

"It was my only chance," replied Belle. "Father's shot hit my horse, and it would have broken down with me. I had to come in here."

She paused for a moment, and then taking the despatch from her dress, she opened it and glanced over it.

"The outside part contains only the address," she said "and is worth nothing, but it bears the head quarters staff stamp, and may be of service to me. It's the inner part which is so precious. If I should by any possible freak of fortune be able to get away I can do nearly as well without it, I know every word of it by heart, but they wouldn't trust you without the signatures."

She tore the paper in two, and handed the inner sheet to Silas, replaced the other in her bosom. "Take this," she said, "and best hide it in your boot. There, that's right," she added as the boy silently and eagerly obeyed her instructions. "Can I trust you with it, Silas?"

The boy drew himself up proudly.

"If they don't kill me on the road, Belle," he said, "I'll take it to General Lee."

She went to the window, and looked out into the moonlit road.

"Yankees all round," she said. "There isn't a chance for a mouse to travel along the road without being seen. But I

think I know a way by which you may escape if I could only keep them long enough, and I'll do it though it cost me my life. You know the little square hole at the bottom of the dis-used fireplace in my room," she continued, "through which we used to crawl in and out when we were children, until father planked it up with shingle."

"Yes, yes," the boy replied eagerly.

"You might pull those shingles away without making much noise," she went on, as calmly as a skillful and experienced diplomatist who arranges an intricate scheme. "You've grown a bit lately, but I think you might squeeze through. I would try but I'm much too big."

"I'll get through it, Belle," cried the boy, "if I leave skin and flesh behind."

"I can see my way clear now," she said with a firmness of resolution, marvellous in so young a woman. "It's pitch black at the back of the house, between it and the hills. It's only in the patches between the trees that it's light. They'll never spot you if I can abstract their attention to the direction of the road till you're far enough away. When you're out of the house crawl on your hands and knees to the Gap side, then climb up by the broken rocks. You'll have to crawl across the spring and must not mind getting wet. Don't show your head above the grass in that neighborhood if you can help it. Then make your way hand and foot over the bushes to the big red oak clump. From there you can get to the mountain top without difficulty. In my room under my pillow you'll find my revolver; I will have to do without it somehow or other. Take that, and when you get to the top of the hill, fire a single shot. Then count ten, and fire two shots together. Once you are on the top of the hill, no cavalry in the world can near you, and you can make your way to White Plains in less than an hour. You'll remember the signal?"

"Yes," answered the boy, quickly. "One shot first; then count ten, then two shots close together."

"When I hear that," she said, softly, "I shall know that you've got through, and I shall be satisfied. You are not afraid?" she asked.

"Afraid!" answered the boy. "I ain't gotten no room to be afraid. I'm too chock full of—well, I'm that proud I can't hold."

She opened the door of the inner room and entered. High up, in the wall on the further side of the small chamber, there was a little square window. She placed a chair, underneath it, and stepped upon that, she examined the opening with an anxious scrutiny.

"There's a Yankee sentinel in the road not more than six yards from the window," she said, returning to Silas, "but he can't see round the corner to the little hole in the fireplace; and it will have to be a very thin man indeed who can get into the room through the window. They'd fire through the opening, I dare say, if they surprised you—but they mustn't surprise you. I'll take care of that. Go in now. Lock the door behind you, and run the chest of drawers against it. Take the hatchet with you," she continued, handing him the implement which she took from its place by the hearth, "go to work quickly, and make as little noise as possible. Great Heavens!" she exclaimed, as the noise of the returning troop again became softly audible in the stillness of the summer night, "they are coming already. Quick, before it is too late."

The boy took her hand and pressed it hard.

"And you're a goin' to stay behind, Belle, and face it out?" he breathed.

"I am going to see it through," she answered.

"But if they find out you're that Miss Faraday," he exclaimed, "they'll—"

She interrupted him.

"Never mind that. Seconds are precious. Remember the dispatch."

He threw his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"God keep you, Belle," he said in a whisper hoarse with emotion, while two tears trickled down his ruddy boyish face.

"It's for Ole Virginny."

"For Old Virginia," she replied calmly, and pushed him gently into the room.

The lock clicked, and she could hear the sounds of the moving of furniture. The clatter of many horses' hoofs on the road drew near, and she quietly set to work to lay the table as if the occurrences around her were of the most commonplace in the world. She took the cloth from its place in the drawer and spread it, then fetched knives and forks and plates, not forgetting the tumblers, which among that homely cheer were of the most primary importance.

When the cavalry men were but a couple of hundred yards away from the house she went to the door and opened it.

A dismounted dragoon was walking up and down in the moonlight, revolver in hand. He turned to her.

"Shut that door," he said gruffly. "Get inside."

She wreathed herself in her brightest.

"What do you mean?" she asked in her softest tones.

"Can't I look out?"

"You can't," answered the man sharply. "Get inside and shut the door! Double quick!"

A sigh escaped her and she returned within to her work. Cooked bacon, corn-bread, molasses, and butter were quickly found, and the bottle of apple brandy was placed on the table besides these, together with a jug of mountain water. When Josh and Hale brusquely entered the room their supper was quite ready for them.

Twice or thrice Belle had, with quickened heart-beat listened for the sounds that were faintly audible from the inner chamber. Silas was working with extreme caution evidently, for even her practised and informed ear could not detect him without special attention.

"We want you to explain somethin', Belle," commenced the old Virginian in a strident voice, but was quickly interrupted by Hale who pushed him aside in a tone of peremptory authority.

"I told you Mr. Evered," he said, "that I want to investigate this matter myself, so please understand that I'll have my way."

"But!" exclaimed Josh rather stubbornly.

"No 'buts,' if you please," cried the Federal officer. "I know you mean well, and that on ordinary occasions you are to be trusted. But this happens to be your daughter, and a man is but flesh and blood after all. Therefore if you please, as I said, I'll take this matter in hand."

Belle had listened to this little scene with eager ears. She was standing there, a statue of icy determination, while her father, with murmured and ill-suppressed imprecations, took a chair and sat down by the table where he rested his head on his elbow and glared at his daughter.

Hale crossed his arms over his breast, and advanced a step. He held a small white object in the palm of one hand, but Belle though she strained her eyes could not guess what it was.

"Miss Evered," he said, "we have found the horse which the man rode who dashed through my pickets. It was down

on the turnpike with a broken haunch and we've killed it to put it out of its misery. In one of the holsters we found this."

He extended his arm and showed a small ordinary white pocket handkerchief. Belle bit her lips.

"And what about that?" she asked quietly.

"What about that?" retorted the dragoon. "This is a woman's handkerchief, and I am nearly sure that the man who rode that horse was a woman in disguise."

At that instant, grating sounds, such as would come from the breaking of wood, might have been caught by a listening ear, as proceeding from the inner room. Belle, who had been on tenter-hooks as to her brother's escape gave a slight gasp.

"Your surmise is a curious one," she said slowly, with a sickly smile. "I suppose, Captain Hale, you mean to suggest that I was that woman in disguise."

Her heart nearly ceased beating, for the noise in the next room became stronger and, at one slight crash, Josh raised his head from the elbow on which he had rested it, as if intent to listen.

"You've hit it on the nail," replied the trooper. "Now what have you got to say about it?"

"I have nothing to say about it, Captain Hale," Belle replied slowly. "If you care to imagine such a thing you must."

"Say it wasn't you," cried Josh, jumping up, his pent up agony driving him to interfere. "Don't let it be said as a gell o' mine was a common spy." His quivering arms writhed in the air, and he clutched the locks at the back of his head.

She cast at him a look of despair and sorrow.

"Well," exclaimed the officer, "if you won't confess, Miss Evered, we'll have to look for the proofs."

"What proofs?" she asked faintly.

"The men's clothes you wore," he answered, "wil' be in the house somewhere, and we'll have to find them that's all." He made a movement towards the door of the inner room, but she waved him back with a motion of her hand.

"I see concealment is useless," she said, with a slow deliberateness. "It was I who rode that horse."

An agonised cry escaped from the old Virginian.

"You!" he cried. "The Lord ha' mercy upon me! My gell!"

Hale took no notice whatever of the old man.

"That implies," he continued in his questioning, "that you are Miss Faraday."

Her face was pale as death, and she bowed her head in mute assent.

Josh jumped up, and was only prevented from flying at his daughter by the soldier, who caught him round the body and forced him back into a seat.

"You!" he cried "My gell! My Belle, as I was so proud of, a common spy. If my boy had taken a rifle and fowt agen the Union, I could a' borne it. Thar'd have been somethin' of the man about that, straight and above board, but a spy," he whined, "a spy—a spy," and dropping his head upon the table, the stout-hearted old Virginian sobbed like a child.

Hale glanced at Josh for a moment, and then proceeded with his interrogation.

"That dispatch," he asked. "That dispatch for which poor Jack Skeen blew his brains out. I must have it."

She pulled the paper from the bosom of her dress and showed it to him. His quick eye caught the official head-quarter form in a second, and he reached out a hand to take the document, but she replaced it.

"No," she said, "if that paper is to be returned I will return it to General Halleck myself. You can take me to him."

"I want that dispatch, Miss Evered," said Hale, sternly. "It is not for you to dictate to whom you will and to whom you will not give it."

"You are exceeding your duty, Captain Hale," she replied, listening with anxious ears for sounds from the next room, which she could no longer catch, and desperately endeavouring to gain time. "I have confessed that I am Miss Faraday. You have detected me in the act of conveying important information into the Confederate lines. Is that not sufficient for you?"

"Sufficient for your case, I have no doubt," answered the dragoon, doggedly, "but not for mine. I have you safe enough, but I have no faith whatever that you may not after all get rid of, or manage to send away that dispatch. I'll have it, if you please. Let us have no more nonsense about it."

"And if I were to refuse—what then?" she hissed between her teeth.

"I should be sorry to be compelled to take it from you by force," was his determined answer.

"Gallantly spoken!" she exclaimed bitterly. "The speech is worthy of the gentleman, and the gentleman is worthy of his cause, and of the uniform which he has the high honour to wear."

"Had we not better leave honour and worth out of this business," retorted the soldier. "Will you concede my demand, or shall I have to resort to extreme measures?"

She was listening all the while as if her life hung upon the silence of every second. In the next room everything was as still as death.

At that moment a sentinel's challenge—"Who goes there? Halt!"—resounded a little distance down the road. It was repeated, and then a shot re-echoed through the Gap.

"There's a man among those rocks," shouted one of the troopers outside the house. "There he is, half-way up the hill, climbing like mad."

Two or three flashes illuminated the window, and as many shots crashed through the mountain silence.

Hale rushed to the door.

"How is this Billing?" he asked the sergeant. "How is it that you did not discover him before? After him! He must not escape."

Half-a-score of men started into the darkness of the deep shadow cast by the mountains, but before they had proceeded ten yards they had to return to renew an apparently fruitless attempt. Heavily booted, accoutred and spurred as they were, totally unacquainted with the face of the mountain—the top of which the fugitive had nearly reached, they might as well have endeavoured to climb up the side of a house as to follow the escaping Silas.

Shot after shot was sped after the lad, and the bullets whistled through the trees, but every now and then the boy

[THE END.]

could be seen in the glimpses of moonlight, until he disappeared among the trees above.

Belle, with her face aglow with a happy light, stood by her enemy's side watching the latter curiously. Then a shot stabbed the night of the mountain top. Belle counted ten, and two more shots echoed through the Gap.

"Thank Heaven, he's safe," she muttered, with thankfully and prayerfully folded hands. "Thank Heaven, it has been granted to me to do my duty."

The soldier turned to her savagely.

"Now, Miss Evered, I am tired of this game, if you please," he exclaimed furiously, "where is that dispatch? Out with it, or it will be the worse for you."

She looked him up and down with a stony contempt.

"Brave man," she said sarcastically. "You would not speak like that to a Virginian soldier." She took the paper from her dress and flung it into the road. "There," she said, "stoop, and take it!"

He shrugged his shoulders, picked it up, and opened it, and a cry of rage escaped him.

"That's only the cover!" he exclaimed. "Where is the dispatch?"

He was answered by a little peal of defiant laughter.

"That's nigh on White Plains by this time," she replied haughtily, "and all you may try to do can't stop it."

He glared at her.

"Attention!" he shouted to his men. "How many are we, Billings?"

The soldiers obeyed the call of discipline.

"Twenty-four," answered the sergeant.

"Sentinels in!" cried Hale, "and mount. We'll have a fight for that paper yet, or the devil's in it. As for you, madam, two men will be enough to guard *you* till I've had it out with your friends, the Rebs, at White Plains. They'll make short work of *you* at a court martial at Washington."

He had not noticed the old Virginian as he rose behind them. Neither he nor Belle had seen Josh as he crept stealthily to the hearth and picked up his rifle. He had not seen the old man, as he stood for a second or two with shaking limbs and burning eyes. He had not seen him as he approached like a cat, and with ghastly half-mad face, levelled his rifle. A shot crashed through the room, and Belle, with one wild and unearthly cry, jumped forward, reeled, and fell on her face.

"No child o' mine shall be hung for a spy," said the old Virginian sternly, leaning on his still smoking rifle. "Now Captian Hale, you can go on with your duty, an' try to get that paper back agin from the Rebs."

* * * * *

On the 25th of August 1862, General Stonewall Jackson's forces marched through Throughfare Gap, and completely surprised General Pope upon whose flank they fell.

BEAUTIFUL effects may be imparted to water-color drawings by causing gold to shine through some of the transparent colors. This is done by attaching gold leaf with musilage to shaded parts, the gold leaf being taken up and pressed down with cotton wool. As leaf gold will not receive water colors regularly, it should be first stroked over with some water or ox gall.

THE first rose that ever was seen was given to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, by Cupid, to induce the former not to betray

Venus in her questionable goings on; and from this myth the ancients made the symbol of silence, and it was a custom to place a rose above their heads in their banqueting rooms, in order to indicate that nothing said or done there was to be told outside.

ENGLISH manufacturers of candles make over sixteen colors in wax, and it is claimed that the best of these do not run. They are sold at 58 cents a pound, and are in lovely colorings.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE ROMANCE OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY NELLIE CORINNE BERGEN.

IT WAS in July long ago; the little garret room I occupied was—to put it mildly—warm. It had reminded me painfully during the day, of that other place known to classic students as “Hades,” and to the masses, as—well never mind what—and between my impetuous haste to finish a magazine article (the acceptance of which was very doubtful after its completion), and the burning heat of the sun, which has seemed to penetrate the slanting tin roof, and play upon my head in a sportive way, I had thought I might, perhaps, have been transported by the old boatman over the river Styx without realizing it.

At last, discouraged, I threw down my pen; went out and bought a penny bun, and coming home, ate it with a relish, helping it down occasionally by a drink of water procured from the “spring pump” across the way.

My appearance had grown pretty seedy in the last few weeks, and even the keepers of the penny baker-shops imposed on me by giving me stale buns. This might have been owing though, to the little preliminary speech I invariably mumbled out, about it being for my little dog. I never could quite tell whether the baker-man believed implicitly in this mild fabrication or not. They learn to control their mobile features so perfectly.

Times seemed to be getting worse and worse with me. My poems hitherto so successful, were all returned to me with printed slips; only one little flickering light of a magazine, liable to be extinguished at any moment, remained true to me; but ten dollars a month hardly enabled me to live in the style I desired, or to keep to the elegance of my former years, when I dined each day and thought it nothing remarkable.

What was to be done was a mystery. My clothes slowly but surely going to pieces; my linen was unlaundried; my face unshaven.

Shakespeare talked about the tide that led out to prosperity, but just at that time I was worried about the tide that was bearing me on to starvation; and the time when I could not even buy a bun for “my little dog” was capering before my vision in a mental guise that was truly maddening.

At last as the night breezes stole in at the little window, I dropped into a troubled doze, from which I awoke in the middle of the night with a suddenness that was startling.

A new determination had taken possession of me, and daylight was all I awaited to carry it through.

I jumped out of my bed a dozen times after that to peer out of the diminutive window and see if the daylight was not yet coming. Never did hours drag so wearily with me. When would Phœbus Apollo whip up his blooded steeds and wake the great city to life once more?

At last I heard the welcome sound of the street-cars, and jumping up I hurried on my clothes. My toilet completed, it was still almost too early to sally forth, so I sat down and tried to finish my article abandoned the night before.

I wrote numerous sheets and tore them up; evidently the muse of prose was not propitious. Time passed, and at last I went out and made my daily purchase—a bun for my “little dog.” Having cheated the little dog out of it, and gulped it down my own throat by the aid of the “spring” water as usual, I gave my brown mustache an affectionate pat, and ran down the three flights of stairs with a very light and airy tread.

It did not take me long to find a large photograph gallery; there I searched eagerly about for the picture of a pretty young lady. I wanted a dreamy countenance; one with piquant lines about the mouth; pensive eyes, and wavy hair artistically arranged.

I found a face that startled me with its beauty.

The lines about the brow and chin were exquisite; the hair was arranged in a “Clytie” knot that set off the well-shaped head to perfection.

“How much will you sell this for?” I asked the young man in attendance.

“A dollar,” he responded, promptly.

“Won’t fifty cents be enough?” I asked.

“No, sir; could not sell it less than a dollar.” Very decidedly.

“Keep it a minute,” I said, seeing he was determined; “I will be back immediately.”

Hurrying out, I pawned the last thing I had in the way of jewelry—an old family ring of plain gold.

The dollar secured, I marched out of the gallery a little later with the picture in the breast pocket of my coat.

Then I hastened home, and copied, in as feminine a hand as I could assume, a little poem, which I had considered the effort of my life, and still considered very fair in spite of the implied opinion of five good editors conveyed to me in neat print on good paper.

One line of those valuable refusals was all I ever perused with any satisfaction, and that was, “The rejection of the manuscript does not necessarily imply the lack of literary merit.” That was comforting to a poor fellow in my circumstances. Kind of revived the last lingering spark of hope, and made me feel that if I could only manage to eke out an existence, and in addition be able to buy enough stamps to get it to the right place, I would be all right.

But to return to my story.

I copied the poem, and having read it over to see that it was all correct, I enclosed the photograph with a sweet little note, (and a sigh at parting with the beautiful face) and mailed it to the editor of a fairly prosperous magazine in a Western town.



“I FOUND A FACE THAT STARTLED ME WITH ITS BEAUTY.”

The editor in question was reputed to be very fond of fair faces, and beside the compensation I was almost sure would come for the poem, I also anticipated a little romance and joke in one, as the outcome of my "invention," whose mother was "Necessity."

Smilingly I had put on my last stamps and sent it on its mission, addressed simply to "The Editorial Department of *The Aline Magazine*."

In about ten days my answer came, I was writing a poetical advertisement for a patent medicine at the time I remember, and vaguely wondering why I had not learned a trade instead of going to college; when the postman withdrew his welcome countenance, I gave vent to my spasmodic joy, and only ceased my hysteric merriment to descend to the precinct of the lower rooms and say coldly to the landlady: "Madam, here is your rent; I packed my "grip" in accordance with your order of this morning, and I will leave to-night."

How well I remember the divine smile she bestowed upon me as, in a gentle voice, she bade me stay.

And I stayed.

The note accompanying the check was very kind and cordial, asking me to contribute more poetry in the same vein at my convenience.

"Sweet man; deluded victim of a starving poet's ruse!" I mused, and then burst into uncontrollable merriment; and soliloquized—"A 'Lena Dare' with a moustache, forsooth. Come fond man and clasp me to thy bosom, Lena languishes for love."

Lena Dare was the name I had adopted.

By a little strategy I had increased my income of ten dollars a month to twenty, and something within me assured me that in a very short time I should be able to return to my former elegant and lavish mode of existence, consisting of three meals a day and an occasional five cent cigar.

Life took on a rosier aspect, and visions of a dear little bride entered my head, assuming the features of the photograph, I had parted with so reluctantly; and I dropped asleep that night, enveloped in a *nimbus* of fanciful dreams truly amusing.

My attic became a palace and I fancied that like the hero of the "Light of Asia," soft music wooed coy slumber to my pillow.

From that time the tide turned. The poem accepted by the editor of *The Aline* was quite widely copied; I became almost a "fad," and was startled by visions of prospective wealth dancing before me.

I moved down a floor, in the course of time, and found I, here could court the muses to far better advantage, than in the garret with half enough to eat.

"My little dog" suddenly and completely vanished, and the baker-man missed me from his regular customers.

One day I received a note from the editor of the magazine, through whose pages I had started on my road to prosperity, to the effect that "said" editor would pass through the city, on the following Wednesday, and would be pleased to see me at three o'clock promptly at the Arno hotel.

He further stated, that he would be standing at the window looking out; and with a caution to be prompt, the note ended and the signature was as usual, "Editor of *The Aline*."

I smiled all Wednesday morning, thinking what a joke I had on the susceptible old man, and what a rude awakening it would be when he found his romantic plan of meeting was savorless salt, because Lena Dare was six feet, and had a moustache.

When I started to the hotel I was grinning to that extent at the imagined meeting, that the street boys punched each other as I passed by.

Arriving at the "Arno" I ran quickly up the stairs to the parlor; there were two long windows running from ceiling to floor, at the front of the room. At the further of these stood a woman; she was looking intently out of the window. I could not see her face from where I was, but the outline of her figure as she stood against the light was very graceful, and she wore a pretty hat.

At the other window stood a grey-haired middle-aged gentleman, also looking intently out of the window.

"He is my man," thought I.

So in I marched and accosted him boldly.

"Pardon—but you are the editor of *The Aline* magazine?" "The devil you say," retorted the old gentleman testily.

"I never said it," returned I; "I said editor."

Suddenly a sweet voice interpolated; "I am the editor of the publication you named; it has recently changed hands; I am Miss Lamont, known to the reading world as Frank K. Lamont.

I looked at her helplessly; she was the counterpart of the photograph I had purchased, only a thousand times lovelier.

I was at her feet in a minute, figuratively speaking, while in reality I stood and stroked my moustache, and looked, as she told me some months later, "like a goose."

How could I answer her, when I still mourned my joke, that had been taken from me in all the pride of its youth and immaturity?

"You seem surprised," said she.

"I am," I said; "I may as well tell you, I am the "Lena Dare" who has contributed so regularly to your journal."

Such a sweet, musical, yet hearty laugh ensued.

Then she looked at me and said in her marvelously sweet voice; "I think we had better cry quits; we are both equally surprised. But where did you get my photograph, and do you know, the name of the artist was entirely unknown to me?"

We sat down and tried to trace out the mystery, solving it in this way; her profile was very good; and an artist having admired it, had induced her to sit for him, as he desired her face in his collection of artists, classic profiles, etc., which he sold in unmounted quantities; the artist I visited, became possessed of one in some way, and it had been mounted on one of his cards.

But I am not so particular about that, since now I can call Frank my sweet little wife, and help her with *The Aline* from which we are slowly amassing a neat little fortune for our only boy, Charles Elmendorf, jr.

Frank's first novel will be published soon, and my first volume of compiled poems will be launched at no distant date; and we have enjoyed many a laugh over the time, when I used to buy a bun for my "little dog."

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

BY J. HUNTER DUVAR.

ANY lives, with one grace in them are beautiful. Griselda, in Boccaccio's touching story, is the typical exemplar of patient obedience to a husband's commands, but Griselda was a poor spirited creature and her romance would be impossible in actual life. It is from no lack of trusting and docile wives that we have so few records of faithful and long continued cares where the husband is the weaker vessel. The subject of our present sketch has attained a certain degree of fame from the exhaustless patience with her husband, who illustrious as his name is, was (in vulgar phrase) rather a hard subject to deal with. We can by no means assert that the long married life of the couple tided smoothly along without a passing breeze. In fact both wife and husband have left on record that there were occasional flurries, but the more honour to the wife who knew how to subdue her naturally hot temper and never lack in respect to her nominal "lord and master." It is not always that wives of famous men accept their husbands' celebrity as a full set-off against domestic unpleasantness.

Jane Welsh, a lineal descendant of John Knox, of which fact she was not a little proud, was daughter of a retired physician, in Dumfriesshire, near the borders of Scotland, who had made some money and owned a moorland farm. This daughter was born in 1801, married in 1826, and died 1866 in London. Her father gave her the best education the place afforded. At one time she had for tutor that Edward Irving who was expelled from the Scotch church for professing a miraculous gift of tongues. The girl was good-looking and vivacious and, after her father's death, became an heiress in a small way, living with her mother the widow. It was not to be wondered she had suitors, but it did excite wonder that she rejected them all for an uncouth young man, Thomas Carlyle, who had backed out of his studies for the Church and had failed as a schoolmaster, and whom nobody but herself supposed to have any talent.

Thomas Carlyle, born 1795, was one of nine children of a man little above the position of a labourer. As is common among the peasant class in Scotland the ambition of his parents was to see one of their sons a minister. In such a family the bringing up is harsh and rugged in the extreme and the advancement of one member to the dignity of a clergyman cannot be done without extra self-denial and privation. Thomas, the son selected, commenced his studies for the Church but soon threw them over, and sought to support himself as a schoolmaster. This too he abandoned, until being fortunate enough to marry Miss Welsh, he took up his residence at the farm, and made literature his profession. They never had any children.

The writer of this sketch cannot recall the special farm of Craigenputtock, but has a remembrance of that part of Dumfriesshire as a bleak treeless country of moor and morass with scattered farms, inhabited by typical Scotch with a broad lowland accent. Here the Carlyles lived seven years, he devoting his attention chiefly to German literature through which he attracted the attention of some of the Edinburgh *literati*, such as Sir William Hamilton, and Professor Wilson (Christopher North). Here too he opened a correspondence with Gœthe which continued through life. "Sartor Resartus" was written here, but with great difficulty found a publisher. When at length it did appear as a serial in *Trazer's Magazine* it drew sufficient

notice to induce the author to remove to London where he intended to live by his pen, with Mrs. Carlyle's little income of less than \$1,000 per annum as a stand-by.

Experience does not show that because a man is highly distinguished in literature he necessarily makes the best husband in the world. The contrary is too often the case. The *genus irritabile*, (or, as we would say, the too highly strung nervous temperament of the literary character), is not conducive to domestic quiet. Mrs. Socrates, Xantippe by name, could not get along at all with her husband, although he was the wisest man in Greece. Dante and his wife quarrelled like dog and cat, but it is admitted that he was not an easy person to live with. Mr. and Mrs. Milton did not hit it well off together. That graceless Byron was the idol of all the fair sex, excepting his wife who seems to have been all that there is of the most implacable in woman. Other men whom the world has delighted to honour, might easily be named who could not get along with their wives. As a set-off to this dreadful state of things not a few of the highest chiefs of letters have been models of domestic happiness. All honor, therefore, to Jane Welsh Carlyle for the manner in which she played the part of wife to a man illustrious enough but not a wise man, only a philosopher, and an irritable one at that.

This is the place to say something of the *personnel* of the great writer who was afterwards known as "the sage of Chelsea." An educated and polished Scotchman is a fine fellow, but it must be admitted that a certain brusqueness and ruggedness clings to less favored specimens of that nationality. Carlyle had been ruggedly brought up, and knew nothing of refined society. Three years as a country pedagogue must have tended to make him more gnarled. We all know how *farouche* even a man of the world will become when he is shut off from all society but his own. Carlyle shunned all human association he could avoid. When he married he was past an age when early roughness can be smoothed and habits eradicated. In their lonely farm-house Mrs. Carlyle had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the peculiarities of her husband. There is no doubt these were such as would be trying to any woman. A Frenchman has said that if you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar beneath. It took very little scratching to find very much of a Tartar in Carlyle. Had it not been for his wife he would never have been heard of. But for her income he must have sunk into a nameless hack writer for bread, and but for her untiring care he would have gone mad.

The change to London in 1834, brought to Mrs. Carlyle a change of sphere. She fell into it naturally, although, as her husband's name became known, her acquaintances were of a higher grade than she had hitherto associated with. Among the friends of the family were included, at different times, the chief literary celebrities of the day. Mazzini, the Italian conspirator, was a frequent visitor, at whose broken English both laughed, a handsome pleasant-mannered man, seemingly ingenuous, but whose creed was the assassination of kings. Leigh Hunt, poet and journalist, original of Dicken's Harold Skimpole, lived in next street and was continually running in and out. Both husband and wife liked his butterfly ways and often befriended him in his endless pecuniary difficulties. Mrs. Carlyle writes: "Mrs. Hunt is every other day reduced to borrow my

tumblers, my teacups, even a cupful of porridge, a few spoonsful of tea are begged of me 'because missus has got company and happens to be out of the article'; in unadorned English because 'missus' is the most wretched of managers, and is often at the point of not having a copper in her purse." John Stuart Mill, the political economist, an apparent friend of ten years standing, married and *cut* the Carlyles ever after, which was the more cruel as he had borrowed a volume of Carlyle's M. S. and let it be accidentally burned. Lord Ashburton, Carlyle says, was the best and most constant friend he ever had. Lord Jefferies, the Scotch law lord, was always friendly. Lord Houghton, (Moncton Milnes), had a warm friendship for both Mr. and Mrs. C. Froude, afterwards his biographer, Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin, Darwin, Tyndal and Kingsley were familiar friends, and in a lesser degree Tennyson, Browning, Allan Cunningham, Wilkie Collins, Macready, Sir James Stephen, John Foster, Walter Savage Landor, Count d'Orsay, Professor Masson, Dr. Lewes and, in fact, most men of letters of the time. The circle in that narrow and inconvenient house, No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, was purely literary, rarely disturbed by the political element. In such society and making no pretence to shine or to rival her distinguished guests, Mrs. Carlyle was at her best. Her hearty manners and real kindness of heart gained liking from the friends of the green philosopher. In upper society, however, of the grade into which her husband's fame introduced her, those qualities in which she shone are kept down under the varnish of a colder polish. Therein she was distinguished rather as "Carlyle's wife" than by her own merit or manner. Ladies Stanley, Russell, the Airlie family and others of rank were on her visiting list, and she was taken notice of by all the family of Lord Ashburton (Baring). The philosopher was made much of by all the Barings, so much so that at one time Mrs. Carlyle actually felt jealous that he should be so much attracted by Ashburton's lady society. Her own most intimate friend was Miss Jewsbury the authoress, also Mrs. Twisleton, a Boston lady, who had married an Englishman of position.

In all her letters—and they are many—the *bustling* woman of the household, finding pleasure in papering walls, overhauling linen or working in her garden is apparent, with frequent gleams of fine womanly sensibility. After several year's residence in London, her account of a visit to her native Scotland, where nobody recognized her, is touchingly told. A gushing interview she had with Father Matthew, the temperance apostle, is amusing, but the account is too long for extract. Her life, on the whole, was uneventful. In her later years she suffered much from ill health.

Compared with the large sums made by writers at the present day, Carlyle's earnings were wretchedly small. His house-keeping was always on a moderate scale. Among his earliest encouragements Emerson sent him \$750 royalty on an American reprint, with which the recipient was greatly pleased. It was not until cheap editions of his works appeared that money enough came in to buy a carriage for his wife, which she, poor woman, did not long live to enjoy.

It is customary to speak of Jane Welsh Carlyle as a woman of high mental calibre. This is an over-estimate. Passing in review the women of the time who have distinguished themselves, there is not one of them whose special work she could have accomplished. Her mission was altogether different. Her's was to remove from the path of an irritable man of genius straws that, to his morbid fancy, seemed impassable. A woman's truer mission this! Again, passing in review her female cotemporaries, none of them strike us as having been capable of filling the more difficult domestic rôle.

In 1866 Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. This is a distinction purely honorary, conferred for one year on the person whom the University deems the most distinguished in literature, science or public affairs. Both Carlyle and his wife were afraid he would break down in his inaugural address. Professor Tyndal accompanied him to Edinburgh, and his brief telegram "A complete triumph," was received with joy, not only by Mrs. Carlyle, but by all his London acquaintances. The philosopher never saw his wife again. After her sudden death he lived a recluse life in the old house at Chelsea till his decease in 1881, at the great age of eighty-five. The circumstances of Mrs. Carlyle's death, as told by her intimate friend, have a painful interest. From the account given her by the coachman, Miss Jewsbury writes: "While driving in Kensington Gardens, a brougham ran over Mrs. Carlyle's little dog, which lay screaming. She descended from her carriage as did the lady who caused the accident, and other ladies gathered. They spoke to her but did not hear her reply. She lifted the dog into the carriage and got in herself. The coachman asked if the animal was hurt, but she did not answer. He then drove on towards Hyde Park Corner and up the drive to the Serpentine and back. Getting no directions, he looked through the window and saw her sitting motionless with her hands crossed on her lap. Becoming alarmed, he asked a passing lady and gentleman to look in, which they did, and found she was dead. She was leaning back in one corner of the carriage, with the rug spread over her knees; her eyes were closed, and her upper lip slightly opened. Those who saw her at the hospital and when in the carriage, speak of the beautiful expression upon her face."

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

APRIL.

BY JESSIE K. LAWSON.

Now flash the foaming cataracts down the steep,
From icy fetters freed. Yea, once more death
Is overcome of life. From their long sleep
The flowers wake and look sunward, and the breath
Of day is violet, sweet. Life thrills the trees
As on the city boulevards they stand
With naked arms outstretched in mute appeal
To thee, oh April! who with shining hand
Uplifts thy floating curtains to reveal
Summer advancing down thine azure aisles,

With music as of streams and birds and bees
And flowery fragrance filling all the land.
And we, who talk by faith, with eager gaze
Look also, longing, unto April skies,
Till dimly, in the far blue slumbrous haze
We see the far hill tops of Paradise.
Not that far Heaven, not wot of mortal ken,
That waits the death-freed spirit's flight above
But Christ's new Heaven descending down to men
Earth's future fair of brotherhood and love.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

LIVING WITH OTHER PEOPLE.

BY LEONA L. WALKER.

TO LIVE happily in other people's houses is not always easy of accomplishment.

They best succeed who possess the kind of common sense that enables them to divine the feelings and prejudices of others, to make themselves acceptable and to make other people pleased with themselves.

It requires the cultivation of that spirit of kindly feeling toward others that makes easy the saying of the apropos word and renders impossible the utterance of sarcasm or of sharp retort.

Another essential is the ability for keeping one's own temper under all circumstances, never allowing one's self to feel insulted or overlooked, but rather to find some pleasant explanation that shall heal the wounded self-respect and soothe one's injured feelings.

To cultivate that light-hearted bravery that never allows individual unhappiness to be guessed at by others, or one's hopeless griefs to cast a shadow over any household.

Life's pathway may be rough and rugged with many bitter lessons to learn, but it is not for us who have grown a little

wearily on the way, to compel others to an unwilling share in our burden.

Another point of behaviour to be considered by those who make their home with others, is the habit of never taking part in any controversy that may arise, or of acting the part of a story bearer from one to another of the family. A willingness to make one's own pleasure secondary to that of other members of the household. To be ready with a word of common comfort for the troubled one; to manifest a warm interest in all that concerns the family, without the intrusion that might be offensive.

All this should be a part of the conduct of those who sit daily at another's table.

If to practice this absolute unselfishness and unceasing care for the comfort of others should seem a difficult thing to do, yet we know they are happiest who fill the world with "sweetness and light" for others, who make us feel the dignity of living worthily, and of whom it can be truly said, "You have been as God's good angel in our house; God bless you for it; God reward you for it."

THE TALENT WE BURY.

SHE was dead! Dead, and buried in the old green, shady, country grave-yard. Dead, and at rest. She was young to die. Her children were yet small, her life-work lay incomplete behind her. Few shed tears that day. She had died suddenly of heart disease, had fallen down one morning early to rise no more on earth. It is the death that many over-worked farmers' wives die. When the ripening grain calls the men to the fields with their reapers and binders that work for them like living friends, and sleek and shining horses bend their willing shoulders forward to aid their master in his work, then the woman toils wearily alone, and despairing over the work one pair of hands can never do, at last falls dead "in harness."

This woman died so. Few cared, or paused long by the newly-made grave. Life must go on for the husband and children, and they turned to face the inevitable. But the friends of her girlhood turn also away. They were not sorry the end had come. Her life had been a failure, as men and women reckon human lives. It was as if some burden had been hidden in the earth, as if some dead hope, that lingered here in ghostly guise, had been forever laid to rest.

Her life had lacked sweetness on earth. It was incomplete, soured, wasted. Even her kindred had seemed ashamed of her, and the love that should have been hers by right was given to others who seemed more worthy. Afterward one said in speaking of this sad life and sadder death and burial, "She did not

make the best of what she had." And to her hearers the words came with all the force of a solemn sermon.

Dear women, do you know that this is all the world expects of you, that you shall make the best of what you have? You can not change your fate. If fortune has not filled your hands, hold only the trifling favors she has seen fit to bestow, and make the best of them.

Men are censured for their failures, their poverty. Women have but to make the best of that which comes to them. You are free from the criticism bestowed upon your brothers for their business failures, you are not censured for the debts your husband has contracted. It is yours to make the best of what you have. Let your possessions be great or small, only order your kingdom well, and you shall be "praised in the gates of the city."

Take the thought for its warning, and take it for its comfort. See that you make the best of what you have, of your husband as he is, of your children as they come to you, of your home as God provides it for you. And be glad that you are not expected to live as those who have more, that if you do not add to that you have, the world has not required it of you.

Your kingdom may be small, but when you come to leave it, may no one say: "She did not make the best of what she had,"—the saddest epitaph, perhaps, one ever saw or heard, for it was the key to a great failure.

Home Decoration.

HOW TO MAKE SCREENS.

SCREENS have become such a matter of necessity these days that there is no housekeeper so poor but feels she must have one or more. They are made to serve as great a variety of uses as there are women who make and arrange them.

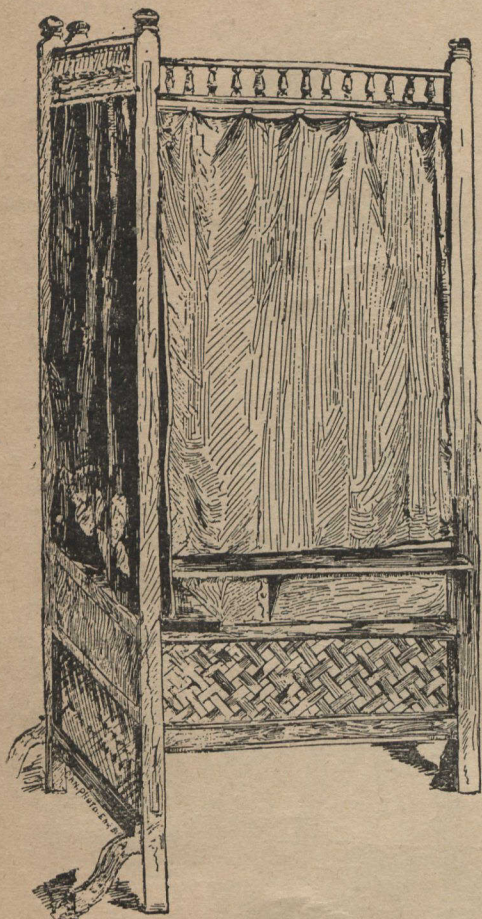


FIG. 1.—FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SCREEN, DESIGNED BY HELEN HYDE

They partition off a delightful cosy corner in a drawing-room; they make an adjustable dressing-room; they serve to cut off draughts; they screen one's face from the burning fire; they hide from public view necessary but unsightly objects; in addition to all these, they are, when handsomely made, very decorative.

There is absolutely no rule for the size or shape of screens; they may be high or low, narrow or broad, one fold or six, as the fancy dictates, or one's needs demand. Many of the new ones are hung with soft Eastern stuffs, a loose frieze, a foot deep at the top, the lower part being fastened at the top and bottom.

Screens made of leather are very handsome for dining-rooms and libraries. A pine framework covered with embossed or illuminated leather and decorated with a leather frieze, studded with brass nails is very suitable for a dining-room.

Library and hall screens are made of the new materials employed as wall coverings and every variety of embossed and raised paper is used, either alone or in combination with small panels or pictures laid on. Deep toned leathers are often painted by hand, the color of the material forming the back-

ground. A great variety is made by using the gilt, silver and bronze paints. A valence of silk at the top with heavy panels of lincrusta at the bottom, treated with gilt or bronze paint, make a substantial screen and pleasing contrast.

The five o'clock tea screen, Fig. 1, has a folding shelf, two feet from the bottom, for cups and saucers. The curtain of Derby satin is hung on a brass rod. There is a lattice of reglet sticks at the bottom and a row of spindles at the top.

There is not so great a variety in the fashion of fire screens, they are invariably single, and are now generally of transparent, or at least of semi-opaque material. In their construction opalescent, stained and painted glass plays important parts. Exceedingly handsome ones are made of very fine brass wire, closely interwoven and mounted on frames of hammered metal.

A combination tea and fire screen stands four feet high and has two painted or embroidered panels at the top, and two open ones below, divided by a shelf. The lower panels have little loose curtains of Oriental stuff, corresponding to a certain extent with the embroidery above. These panels are for the feet to pass through and get warmed by the fire, while the face is screened from the heat thereof. The shelf is convenient for the cups of tea, work or book.

A standing double panel screen recently seen was worked in a beautiful way. One panel was of old gold satin, with a prose design of tea plant, the leaves being worked in green silks, and the small white fire petal flowers, with the glistening scales of the perch. Each scale was sewed on with the needle and the centre of the flowers were filled in with French knots of yellow



FIG. 2.—SCREEN OF PAINTED DUCK AND REGLET STICKS, DESIGNED BY HELEN HYDE.

silk. The second panel was of pale peacock blue satin, with a towering graceful branch of myrtle, the stalks being of silks, a few flowers of white silk, and the leaves composed of beetles' wings sewed on.

Another particularly handsome one made to match the French decoration now so much in vogue. The frame was of

yellow bamboo, with panels of undyed velvet, covered with trailing branches of wild roses, thickly sprinkled with the delicate pink blossoms which look particularly well against the soft creamy tint of this material.

One of the prettiest designs for a screen is a trellis work on brown plush; upon which is clambering a large white clematis; Virginia creeper, hops, or any climbing plants may be utilized in the same way.

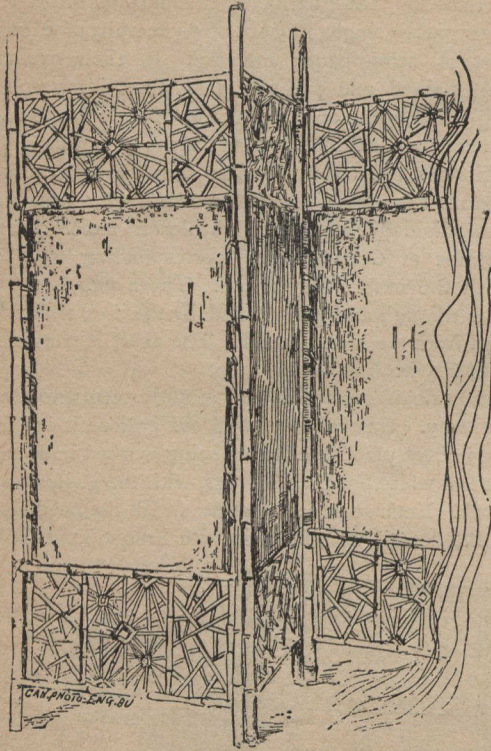


FIG. 3.—SCREEN DESIGN IN WHITE BAMBOO, DESIGNED BY HELEN HYDE.

The three-fold screen pine, Fig. 2, with lattice of reglet sticks, top and bottom, has panels of white duck painted with Watteau figures, or pastoral scenes. The frame and reglet sticks are unstained, a coat of varnish bringing out the natural beauty of the wood admirably.

The yellow and brown bamboo makes the handsomest frames for screens, but the material is sometimes difficult to obtain as well as being rather difficult to work with, especially by the novice. Fig. 3 represents a screen design in white bamboo.

A very inexpensive screen has a three-fold frame, five feet high, of light wood shellacked or oiled. This was covered first with strong white cloth, then with dark red velvet paper finished with a gilt moulding just inside the frame. On this paper was arranged a variety of the quaint silk Japanese figures. A second panel had an arrangement of peacock feathers, while the third showed a Makart bouquet of cat-tails and dried rushes and grasses. This has the advantage of being easily renewed each year with fresh materials in a new fashion.

Pale yellow, or figured matting, is often used for screen panels with good effect. The delicate tints forming an admirable background for the brush.

A very elegant screen seen lately was three-fold, the two side divisions being only half the width of the centre one. The material with which it was covered was serge, embroidered with a floral design of lilies and sunflowers, carried across the top and down the sides.

SHELL SACHET BAG.

Just a word to those readers who live by the seashore, for Neptune kindly affords us such excellent material to work with, that it would be ungrateful in us not to improve our opportunities.

Our illustration shows three sachet bags made from scallop shells and silk. Soft bags of silk filled with cotton and sachet powder, have a shell glued on each side, the shells having been previously cleaned, shellacked, and pierced with two small holes

at the top, through which the ribbon may run. If you are able to get the bleached white shells, so much the better, but the ordinary ones answer the purpose nicely when given a coat of shellack. Differently colored silk may be used for the different bags, but they will be better made of the same shade. Bunches of dainty cockle shells hung by ribbon would be pretty to pin to a curtain or a corner of a mantel or picture.



SCALLOP-SHELL SACHET BAG.

Unique hanging baskets for flowers may be made of shells in the following manner: Take an old tin basin, pierce the bottom to allow the water to run off, cover the basin with putty and then with cockle shells so that it will be completely covered, and you will find that you

have a dainty addition to window or piazza.

Then what pretty playthings for baby, how he will delight in the pretty colors and shapes and sizes! Tie him in his high chair, or bolster him up with pillows on the floor, and give him a lapful of shells, and you will not hear much from him for a while at least; and then who knows, dear mother, perhaps he may become a famous naturalist some day.



PARIS WALKING COSTUME.

This full-page illustration gives skirt and three-quarter jacket in gendarme blue cloth. Jabot of chenille loops, headed with a triangle in jeweled gimp, corresponding with the zouave jacket in brocaded vicuna. Coat revers and clerical collar in dark velvet. Aureole bonnet in beaded lattice work, divided in sections with wire, encased in velvet, like the small flat crown, from which springs a piquet of ospreys; torsade and bow in lemon-colored velvet restig on the frizzed hair.

Fashion Notes.

POKER and gesso work are still fashionable.

WINE color and blue is a combination that finds favor.

RICHLY chased silver for holding flowers have been brought out.

SPELLING "bees" have become a popular entertainment again.

LONG gloves are only worn with sleeves that terminate at the elbow.

GIRDLES are very fashionable, some resembling those worn in mediæval times.

DRESS nets are seen spotted in velvet crescents, diamonds, rings, and circular dots.

WITH sleeveless gowns gloves reach only to the elbow. With long sleeves short gloves are worn.

THE "leaves of the vine" is a new name for a color resembling that which vine leaves assume in autumn.

EVENING dresses of black tulle embroidered in gold and made up over red satin are very handsome.

ANYBODY who can clean and mend lace well, or do fine mending of all sorts, can earn a generous income in any city.

THE Medici collar is a boon to long slender throats, and effective on everything from a street wrap to a dinner gown.

A PRETTY frock for a little girl is made from turquoise blue cashmere striped with red, bordered with red silk embroidery.

FIGARO sets of trimming, consisting of jacket fronts, collar and bands of lace passementerie make handsome ornaments for nice dresses.

SMALL visites are made of handsome silks or embroidered velvets, and ornamented with open appliqué or lace-like borders and designs.

A TRIPLE pencil for red, black, and blue lead is an English novelty, and a useful one. It is advertised as being "supplied to her Majesty the Queen.

GRAY crape over a satin foundation studded with small van-dykes of *galon* in gold and silver put on diagonally makes a handsome evening dress.

PRETTY new nightgowns are made from pink and blue zephyr cambric, some of jaconét and some of blue linen, trimmed with frills decorated with needlework.

SOME of the prettiest receptacles for bonbons seen are made of satin, sack shape, and are painted on both sides with flowers or figures. The sack is tied with satin ribbon.

A BABY'S first long cloak seen recently was of white lamb's wool, thick and soft, made in a straight sack with neck and wrist trimming of the long white crinkly Japanese llama fur.

A PRETTY sleeve for a demi-décolleté dress of net or tulle is made full, reaching to the wrist, and confined by ribbon put on in a spiral from wrist to shoulder, a rosette holding each end in place.

A soft texture as camel's hair trimmed with long lines of flat silk passementerie is vastly more becoming than a plain shiny silk befurbelowed with frills and single pretentious ornaments.

A PRETTY dinner gown is made of peach-colored satin, with bands of feather trimming of the same shade, the bodice and

front of the skirt being trimmed with jeweled guipure in metallic thread of various hues.

BEADED trimming of every kind black, gold, pearl, steel and iridescent is used lavishly, and by ingenious fingers can be made at home upon inexpensive silk cord foundations to rival the expensive patterns sold in the shops.

A HEARTSEASE bonnet accompanied by a heartsease muff is something novel. The flower is made of cloth in any color, and is edged with gold braid. Tufts of ostrich feathers finish off the bonnet and muff.

A JAUNTY little hat for a young lady is almost perfectly flat, covered with black velvet, with a puffing about the brim, the trimming at the back consisting of a butterfly bow of pink velvet ribbon, and two pink chrysanthemums.

AMONG the new coiffures is the shell twist which offers a chance to use a handsome comb and several jewelled pins. It is a trying style, in common with many others, and should be adopted only after viewing the effect carefully from all sides.

LOUIS XV. coats are adopted by chaperons. One recently worn was of dark purple velvet, with deep cuffs and flap pockets, the sleeves coming half way down the arm; the waistcoat was of *café-au-lait* satin, embroidered in gold, the upstanding collar being similarly decorated.

FLOWERS, feathers, lace, ribbon pretty much every material is pressed into service to make the popular collarettes that add a pretty Frenchy touch to a jaunty toilet. The model is of brocaded silk ribbon, gathered full, and then sewed jabot fashion upon an inch wide ribbon.

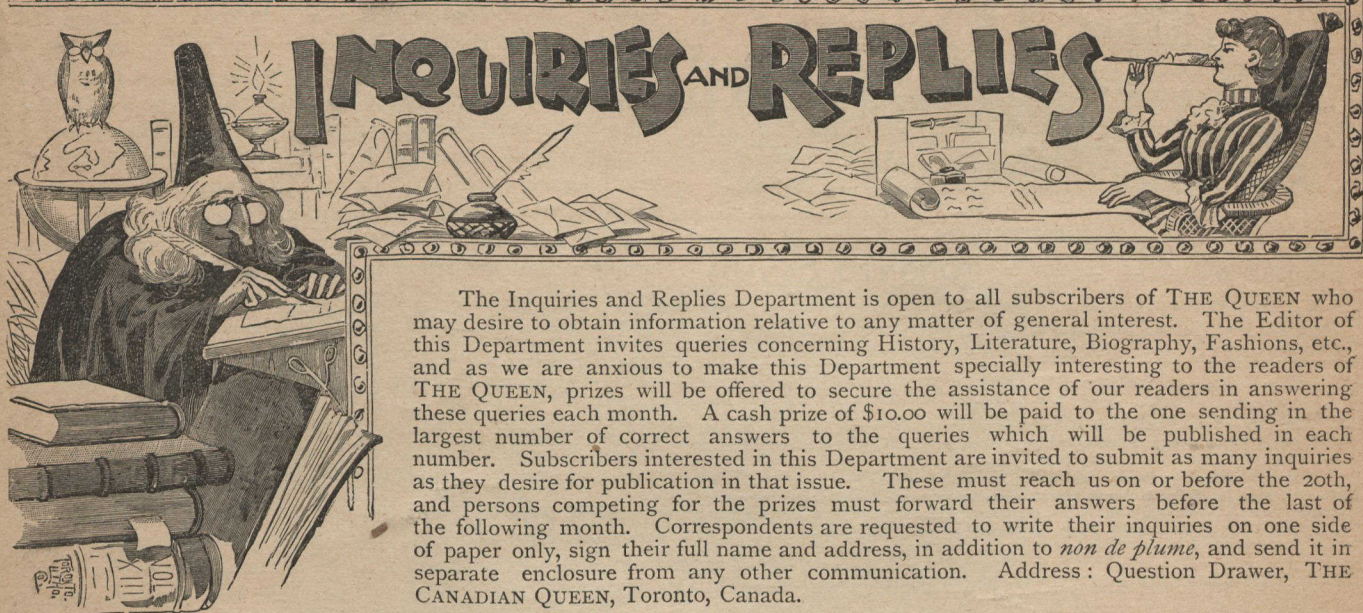
A FLORAL picture is placed on an easel, and has the frame formed of some especial flower, set in rows of three or four together, without foliage, forming a band six inches deep. This surrounds a soft puckering of satin resembling in color that of the flowers. In the centre there is a wreath, or some other floral device.

A PARIS bride was presented by the bridegroom's father with a curious trinket which is handed down from father to son through successive generations. It dates from the time of Louis XVI., and represents the eye and cheek of a fair ancestress, veiled by a cloud. It is in the form of a brooch, and is surrounded by pearls.

A PRETTY bonnet for an old lady is made from two shades of petunia velvet, bordered with a band of metallic embroidery and trimmed with feathers. Another is of gray velvet covered with an appliqué in black, the brim edged with octagon beads of steel. Three tips of gray feathers and some loops of canary ribbon trim the front.

A HANDSOME black toilet for concert wear has a jacket of brocade, richly trimmed with passementerie of silk and jet, extending to form a V at the back, with the point at the waist line. The sleeves are draped with Chantilly lace. The Henri II. collar and cuffs are of black silk velvet, which is also used to face the fronts. Large black velvet hat trimmed with ostrich feathers.

A DAINTY watch pocket is made in the form of a small slipper. Cut a foundation of stiff cardboard and cover the sole with blue quilted satin and the toe with plaited satin of the same shade. Embroider a cluster of tiny daisies at the top and sew a small brass hook on the sole just above the toe to hang the watch on. Crimson silk and white poppies would also be a handsome combination.



The Inquiries and Replies Department is open to all subscribers of THE QUEEN who may desire to obtain information relative to any matter of general interest. The Editor of this Department invites queries concerning History, Literature, Biography, Fashions, etc., and as we are anxious to make this Department specially interesting to the readers of THE QUEEN, prizes will be offered to secure the assistance of our readers in answering these queries each month. A cash prize of \$10.00 will be paid to the one sending in the largest number of correct answers to the queries which will be published in each number. Subscribers interested in this Department are invited to submit as many inquiries as they desire for publication in that issue. These must reach us on or before the 20th, and persons competing for the prizes must forward their answers before the last of the following month. Correspondents are requested to write their inquiries on one side of paper only, sign their full name and address, in addition to *non de plume*, and send it in separate enclosure from any other communication. Address: Question Drawer, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

TO THE LOVERS OF THE POETS.

This month our prize of \$10.00 will be awarded the lady or gentleman who sends in first and most correctly, all the names of the authors of the following quotations, and the works in which they occur:—

1. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."
2. "Trip the light fantastic toe."
3. "Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowflake on the river,
A moment seen—then melts for ever."
4. "I pass like night from land to land."
5. "There lies more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."
6. "How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world."
7. "The proper study of mankind is man."
8. "The essence of friendship is entrenchance, a total magnanimity and trust."
9. That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee."
10. "The age of chivalry is gone."
11. "A bold peasantry their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."
12. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

An intimate acquaintance with the poets and their philosophy is the most refining influence to which the human mind can be subjected. Still, there are a great many comparatively well-read people, to whom the authors of the above may yet be strangers, and if in pursuit of these answers they are introduced to them for the first time, their efforts will not go unrewarded. Address answers to QUESTION DRAWER, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, TORONTO, CANADA.

MARCH PRIZE WINNER.

The \$10.00 prize is awarded this month to S. Field Dallam, "The Belue" Wayhe P. O., Del. Co., Pa., United States, his being the most correct answers. We publish them exactly as sent, so that those who have done almost as well may see wherein they have come short.

1. Who are the six most remarkable women of ancient history, and for what is each most renowned?—(a) Helen of Troy; was the cause of the Trojan war, and was remarkable for her beauty. (b) Dido; was founder of Carthage. (c) Cleopatra; was famous for her remarkable beauty. (d) Aspasia; was the wife of Pericles and was remarkable for her learning. (e) Zenobia, who was Queen of Palmyra, and was a great warrior and very beautiful. (f) Boadicea; was Queen of England, and was a great warrior.

2. What authoress is ranked second only to Shakespeare?—George Eliot.
3. Who wrote "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"?—Robert Browning.
4. What notable author wrote his experiences as an opium eater?—De Quincey.
5. Who is the latest and most brilliant story writer of the present day?—Rudyard Kipling.
6. What Queen boxed the ears of a Lord for rushing into her presence in an uncourtly manner?—Queen Elizabeth; she boxed the ears of the Earl of Essex.
7. What great American general, now deceased, made a famous march which has since been immortalized in song?—William T. Sherman.

8. What heroic woman's name is inseparably connected with Beaver's Dam, and what great service did she render Canada?—Mrs. Secord; She travelled twenty miles alone on foot to warn a British outpost.

10. What is the name of the greatest aesthetic reformer of modern times?—Oscar Wilde.

11. What celebrated American philosopher originated the significant saying "He has an axe to grind"?—Benj. Franklin.

12. How many letters make five?—Four (4).

S. F. DALLAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Subscribers of THE QUEEN are invited to give such information as they may possess concerning questions asked in this column.

QUESTIONS.

A correspondent from Exeter wants to know if Queen Anne's riddle was ever solved, and if not, what amount of money has accumulated to whoever may solve it. Can any of our readers tell?

ANSWERS.

GYPSIE.—Vesuvium, for decorative purposes, was introduced by a New York firm several years ago. It is the use of a peculiar paste or cement, which is soft and sticky when first exposed to the air, but in a day or two it becomes very hard without being brittle. It adheres to glass, wood, or almost any material very firmly, and is used to cover old jars, glass bottles, picture frames, etc., and make them things of beauty. It is applied with a palette knife, in a go-as-you-please manner, the rougher it is put on the better, for its beauty is, to a certain extent, like that of a Skye terrier, dependent on its ugliness. After it has hardened it may be left as it is or may be decorated. One way of doing this is to paint the entire surface a dark colored bronze, and then touch up the higher projections with a light gold or copper. With a little judgment, apparently useless articles may be transformed into handsome ornaments. This Vesuvium may be obtained in tin boxes, containing 1 lb., from Chas. E. Bently, 12 W. 14th St., New York city. Directions are sent with each box. The price is 50 cents per box, postage is 20 cents extra.

GRACE B. HOPE, Ottawa, Kan.

A SUBSCRIBER, North Bay.—Write to Protestant Orphan Home, Gerrard Street, Toronto.

1. No, he is not. 2. The first Parliament was held in Navy Hall, Niagara Wharf, Niagara. 3. All except Upper and Lower Canada.

To W. C. CANFOR, M.D.—1. See Webster or Worcester. 2. This is *all in my eye* that you, an M.D. should write to us for information about the nictitating or any other membrane. 3. Not us, we solemnly assure you. 4. The contended man. The brainless who asks what he does not really want to know. 5. The peculiarity of the garment being like the fool's folly—a distinguishing mark. 6. Purity. In return for these six answers, will you who sign yourself an "M.D." tell us how you discern the emerald tint in the eye of yours truly, the CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

To C. M. FARLEY, 339 Gloucester Street, Ottawa.—Take your plant out of the pot, loosening the earth gently round the roots with a sharp stick. Whisk off carefully any small worms you may see sticking to the roots. Then throw into your ash heap the contents of the flower-pot and scrape it clean. Now get some fresh black loam, put it in a tin and place it in the oven when you have a good hot fire on until it has been heated enough to destroy any germs of vermin. Take it out and let it cool, and when ready fill the flower-pot with it and plant your flower afresh. This, with after care in watering, etc., will improve the health of the plant and make it thrive. A little flow of sulphur sprinkled on the leaves will destroy insects and caterpillars.



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TERMS.

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All subscriptions are discontinued by he publishers at expiration of subscription.

The Publishers of THE QUEEN having the subscription list set in type and printed for the entire year, it will be impossible for them in future to change the address of any subscriber. Those removing from their present P.O. address must instruct the postmaster to forward the Magazine to their **NEW** address for the balance of the year.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post Office to which your magazine is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

ARTICLES.—State the price of all articles for which pay is expected; nothing will be paid for, unless the proper arrangements are made at the time of acceptance. Send all MSS. at least six weeks in advance.

NAME.—Always send the full name and address to the Editor, even if not intended for publication. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—All are **CORDIALLY INVITED** to express their opinions on any subject, give helpful talks to the inexperienced, and ask questions in any Department.

ALL LETTERS should be addressed

PUBLISHERS OF THE CANADIAN QUEEN,

58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

CORRESPONDENTS are specially requested to write their communications for the different Departments on separate slips of paper, signing name and address to each. This is to avoid confusion, and to ensure that all communications will reach their respective Departments.

THE EDITOR AT LEISURE.

WE PAUSE here at our leisure to congratulate our readers as well as ourselves on the unprecedented success of THE CANADIAN QUEEN. Unprecedented in the history of Canadian Magazines, since our subscribers are already numbered by fifties of thousands in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. We propose, now that success is assured, to discontinue the larger competitions in the future, and, with the exception of a few minor competitions in the housekeeping and young people's departments, etc., to build up and sustain the success already achieved, solely by the merits of the magazine itself. To this end we have secured some of the best literary talent of the day, and in this number we give a sketch of one whose pen will, in an early number, charm and delight our numerous readers.

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THE spring is upon us, and the ubiquitous Italian (?) with his organ; also the small boy, or the woman with a baby, or the time-honored long-tailed mannikin to do the begging for him. Tolstoi, in one of his "Russian Proprietor" sketches,

soundly rates the boarders on a hotel balcony for not properly appreciating "the artist" who comes to play before them in the hope of having a few sous tossed down to him. *Cela depend*. If it were music one's generosity might outrun one's judgment, but when one's restorative afternoon siesta is suddenly broken in upon with a crash, as of fourteen alarm clocks in different keys all going off at once, in a wild burlesque of "sweet dreaming faces," the response is emphatically otherwise." However, there are many more harmful ways of making money than by turning a crank and scanning surrounding windows with expectant eyes; and since it takes all kinds to make a world, we suppose there will always come with the crows, the first robin and the swallows, the organ grinder and his monkey: the one rendering music about as truly as the other represents ancestral man.

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WE could fancy nothing more beneficially educative than for the young people to hear each set commenting on the other in the other's absence. If the young gentlemen only knew how they were lauded for what is laudable in them, how loved for their lovability! And if they could but hear how they are abominated and execrated for the uncomeliness, the coarseness of manner they are so apt to drop into when off guard, they would hesitate before giving the ladies another chance to classify them with the lower creation. On the other hand, if some young ladies knew how they suffer in the estimation of their admirers by their insincerities of speech, their exaggerations, their unmercifulness, their refined double-dealing, their polite lying, there would come into fashion once more the good old proverb that "Honesty is the best policy," and that between woman and woman as well as everywhere else. To cease professing friendship where there is none; to "speak no evil, no, nor listen to it," though ever so nicely hinted at; to be simple, natural and unaffected in manner, would do much to evoke that respect now complained of as lacking, but which is made impossible by the prevailing mode of society life. To both sexes the axiom is recommended—"Deserve respect if you wish it."

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On the magazine horizon a comet has suddenly appeared, paling, for the time being, the more familiar constellations in the literary heavens. Rudyard Kipling gleams, flashes, corruscates, with a brilliancy all his own. He is a genius of the type which compels recognition here and now, nor needs to wait for posterity to have his merit acknowledged. Quick-witted, keensighted, he looks at everything through his own spectacles and relates what he sees with irresistible gusto and merriment. He is sketchy, but his sketches have more life in them than the most finished pictures; he gives you a nudge, a wink, a nod, and you understand it all. Ordinary English he finds inadequate for his purposes. Colloquialisms, slang phrases, Americanisms, unpardonable in any other writer, are to him a necessity, but in his hand slang is slang no longer; his is the golden touch of Midas. An Englishman with an Indian experience, and with conservatism bred in the bone, he is, nevertheless, intensely sympathetic where our common humanity is concerned. His pathos is genuine, his tragedy profound. Over the pools and muddy places of life he skims like a swallow, so low indeed, that it seems he must need smirch his wings, but he does not, and while you tremble he describes a graceful curve, and is off and away again into wholesome air, while his wit shakes your system with most refreshing laughter.

“CARMEN SYLVA.”

IN THIS number we print a genuine portrait of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, perhaps better known by her *nom-de-guerre* of Carmen Sylva. As this lady's new story will shortly appear in the pages of THE QUEEN, a little sketch of her may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The Princess Elizabeth was born in 1843, and is a daughter of Prince Herman of Wied, one of those numerous petty German princes with small estates and high sounding names. At the age of seventeen she paid a visit to the Court of Berlin and there met Prince Charles, who was afterwards made King of Roumania. The beginning of their acquaintance, if not quite romantic, was at least amusing. A bright impetuous girl, full of life and animation, she was rushing down the palace stairs one day in high glee when her foot slipped, and she would certainly have fallen to the bottom had not a gentleman, who was ascending at the same moment, caught her in his arms. The Princess returned to her father's castle on the Rhine, and Prince Charles to his regiment, where he was Captain of the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards. He did not, however, forget the girl who fell into his arms on the palace stairs, for after he had been crowned King of Roumania, he came one October day in 1869 and asked her to be his Queen.

They were married four times, first according to the German Civil Code, second, according to the Lutheran, which is her religion; third, according to the Roman Catholic, which is his, and fourth, according to the rites of the Greek Church, which is the creed of their kingdom.

The new Queen soon made her talent for work apparent. Singular to say, she had from earliest girlhood aspired to this throne as one which would furnish her with great and helpful work to do. Keeping quite out of politics, she founded schools, hospitals, various kinds of homes, cooking schools, art galleries and art schools.

She had but one little girl, who died, and now, as a solace for her sorrow, she applied herself to authorship in earnest, pouring out her soul in song. She was also the friend of the soldier; so much so, that a statue was raised to her in gratitude by the wives of the Romanian soldiers, who called her “the mother of the wounded.”

The literary work of the Queen is generally done between four and eight in the morning, which is the only time she can spare for her favorite employment. She gets up quietly and disturbs no one, not even her maid; lights her candle, dresses and writes until the sun is up and the working world awake.

WOMAN'S POWER.

WOMEN were designed by their gentle nature to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish. No attainments should be above beings whose end and aim are to accomplish purposes at once so refining and so salutary; every means should be used to invigorate, by principle and culture, such native excellence and grace.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but it lies in the power of one to prevent it. The young wife will act wisely and for the happiness of all, herself included, in the home if she always strives to bar the entrance to quarrels by loving patience, gentle words and ready forgiveness; but this plan of action must begin at the

very commencement of her married life. The door once opened is difficult to close, though it can be done by much trying.

It lies in the power of woman to make or mar the man who loves her. Be pure, whole-souled, high-minded, and he will rise morally and intellectually; be petty, flippant, vain, and no matter how high his aims and aspirations, you will surely drag him down to discouragement and defeat.



WE ARE WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF OUR FRIENDS.

THE *North American Review* contains an article by Mrs. John Sherwood, "Why Women Marry," which we cannot describe otherwise than as coarse, vulgar, saturated with the spirit of a less enlightened age, degrading to the sex and especially to the writer of it. What may have been true of the women of an hundred years ago does not at all apply to those of the present, least of all to the women of America, nor are Nancy Sykes or Jane Eyre typical women of this day and generation.

Fancy an American writer penning such words as "Women love brutes; they adore strength, they love as a dog does, the master. . . . There is something honorable and natural in this strange contradiction!" She goes on to say that when a woman comes to be educated enough to be a law unto herself, she loses her power of attraction. A pretty compliment truly to the superior being who by inference is attracted most to the uncultured who only know enough to flirt successfully, and be dexterous fishers of men.

Mrs. Sherwood says that education places woman on a "level" with her mate. That is, on a "level" with the man for whom an educated woman has no attraction! Then from this "level" "she adores his superiority of mind as she rejoices in his bigness of hands and superior largeness of feet!" "These two are the complements of a perfect marriage." "That is the ideal marriage!" Ye gods! Let us analyze this. *He* is attracted by her inferiority. *She* is attracted by his superiority. Verily the woman here shows the better taste, although how she can look up to what she is on a "level" with, we cannot understand. The stale and vulgar taunt that women remain unmarried because they never had the chance to marry, sounds like the utterance of a low bred saloon loafer. When we pause to think of the many beautiful, cultured, and most lovable women, "of whom the world was not worthy," who have remained in the single state—we cannot help thinking that out of respect to the class to which such belong, Mrs. John Sherwood might have withheld the only explanation which to her mind is possible.

Her too evident ignorance of the femininity of the present day is only equalled by her ignorance of natural history, when she speaks of an "old maid nightingale" singing. Since when, pray, did the female bird take to warbling?

As regards strength—of course there is and always will be a certain admiration for manly development and physical strength, simply because there is beauty in these and "a thing of beauty is a joy" even to the unthinking. But when the man who possesses these uses his strength not as a man but as a brute, when his courage is merely that of the bull-dog, not the high moral courage which marks the man; his strength palls on the intelligent admirer just as surely as the merely physical beauty of a pretty face palls on the man who too late discovers that behind it lies a vacant and uncultured mind. It is not true that women love and prefer brutal men. On the contrary, pit the intellectual gentleman and the man of mental ability against the mere man of muscle, and an intelligent woman will in every case prefer the former. Where some foolish women have married drunkards, gamblers, etc., they have done so in the sentimental and delusive hope of reforming them; certainly never with the intention of the husband continuing these brute vices. It is to be deplored that Mrs. John Sherwood or any other woman should have lent her pen to the revivifying of such a long obsolete and degrading view of her own sex. The *motif* of the article we fail to see. It confessedly proves nothing—is aimless

except for the chance to sneer at women who either won't or can't marry—and how such an article found its way into a magazine like the *North American Review* passes our comprehension.

CARE OF A CHILD'S HAIR.

Unnaturally crimped hair is not considered beautiful, and tightly curled ringlets are deemed an old-fashioned way of arranging a child's hair, therefore girls are not now made to suffer during their sleeping hours from curl papers and close braids in order to look pretty the next day.

To dress your little daughter's hair stylishly cut a deep bang and let the remainder hang free, unless a narrow ribbon is tied around the head. If the hair is thick or naturally wavy and curling, that is sufficient, taking care to keep it well brushed and the head clean. But some children have scant, limp locks that are a constant trouble to their beauty loving mothers. Such hair may be improved in appearance by curling the ends. Roll three or four inches on a few soft cloth rollers; these will not hurt the head as when the hair is rolled tightly and fastened close to the scalp.

The Dutch style is another pretty way of arranging the hair of small children. Part the hair, then cut it so as to just reach the shoulders, curl the ends and cut a very slight bang. The curls, combed out with a coarse comb, will form a sort of halo about the head and make the plainest child look quaint and pretty.

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, an excellent authority, says the only pillow suitable for a baby is one made of fine hair and very thin, so as to raise the little head just above the body. She calls feather pillows an abomination because they cause perspiration and predispose to colds that lead to catarrh by keeping the child's head too warm. A still greater abomination, she continues, is the habit some nurses have of covering the child's head with a flannel shawl, as if the scalp was too delicate to endure the air of a sleeping-room. This makes the head perspire, and if there is a constitutional tendency toward eczema, the baby's head will have a scurf.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Sponging old, black silk in unsweetened gin is recommended to remove the shine.

Some fine, new dinner gowns of silk or satin are hand-painted with tiny Louis XV. bouquets.

The corselet style of bodice continues in vogue. Made plain of silk, velvet, passementerie or embroidery, with a full bodice showing above and a puff about the hips, it is a pretty style for a slender figure.

Tissue veiling in delicate tints is a pretty and cheap substitute for the high-priced, silk muslins for the throat and wrist frills that are so effective upon dressy gowns. One arrangement is to fold and gather the tissue to give a puff in the center, with a frill on each side.

For tailor-made costumes for morning wear there is a furore for very rough-surfaced cloths, also for home-spun cloths studded with tufts of long-haired wool. Smarter gowns are of fine-faced cloth elaborately braided, some made with waistcoats of soft leather.

WE call attention to Brown Bros. advertisement appearing in another column. They also have vacancies for a few lady agents. Any person wishing employment will do well to correspond with them.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL

CONDUCTED BY
AUNT LUCIA.

AUNT LUCIA'S PRIZE DINNER COMPETITION.

To the person forwarding the best bill of fare, with full instructions for preparing each article, for a dinner of six persons, the cost for the entire six not to exceed \$1.50, the publishers of THE QUEEN will pay \$100.00 in cash. To the person sending second best will be given \$50.00 in cash. To the person sending the third best will be given a ladies solid gold watch, (valued at \$40.00). To each of the ten sending the next best will be given a silver tea service, (five pieces including tray), (valued at \$30.00). To each of the twenty-five sending the next best will be given a handsome silver fruit service, consisting of cream and sugar, (valued at \$12.00). The silverware will be of the best quadruple plate. This Competition closes June 15th. Any person not a subscriber to THE QUEEN may enter the Competition by forwarding \$1.00 for one year's subscription together with their prize bill of fare. Old subscribers desiring to enter this Competition must forward the subscription of at least one of their friends to THE QUEEN for one year, with their bill of fare. The publishers of THE QUEEN have allowed the lady in charge of this department to offer this Competition for the purpose of exciting universal interest among our more practical lady readers in this department. The names of the winners of these prizes with their bills of fare, and instructions for preparing same, will be published in the columns of this magazine. In preparing the bills of fare for Competition, competitors must use only one side of the paper, and copy must be written in a legible hand. The cost placed on each article used in bill of fare must be in accordance with the market price in the locality where competitor resides. This will all be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes. \$1.00 must be enclosed for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN as stated above. Address letters for this Competition to Aunt Lucia's Prize Dinner Competition, care THE CANADIAN QUEEN, 58 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

AUNT LUCIA'S COOKING SCHOOL.

DUTCHED LETTUCE.—Wash carefully two heads of well-grown lettuce, separate the leaves, and tear in pieces. Cut a large slice of ham in small squares and fry brown, add two table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Beat one egg until light, add two table-spoonfuls of sour cream, then add it to the ham; stir over the fire one minute until it thickens, and pour, boiling hot, over the lettuce; mix carefully with a fork, and serve at once.

DRESSED LETTUCE.—Take two large heads of lettuce, remove the outside leaves, and wash in cold water; pull apart, put in a dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour over half a cup of melted butter, with two table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Stir lightly until mixed. Garnish with cloves.

GALANTINE OF FOWL.—Split a large fowl up the back, and bone it without injuring the skin, then cut out a quantity of the flesh, just leaving a lining in the skin. Cut the meat you have taken out into long, narrow strips, and cut strips the same from a cold boiled ham. Next mince together 4 oz. beef suet, 2 oz. cooked ham, 4 oz. bread crumbs, a little parsley, sweet herbs, salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and moisten with yolk of egg or milk. Lay the fowl breast downwards, and spread over it a layer of the minced ham, etc., then a layer of tongue and the meat cut out of the fowl. Sew it up, and stew it in some good stock for two hours. Lift it out carefully, and allow the stock to reduce to a jelly, take the stitches out of the fowl, and glaze it with the stock. The remainder of the glaze can be allowed to cool, and used as a garnish for the galantine. Slices of hard-boiled eggs should be placed alternately with little heaps of glaze round the dish.

HOW TO BONE A TURKEY, OR FOWL.—Draw the bird, singe it, and wipe it inside and out with a clean cloth. Take off the head and cut through the skin all round the first joints of the legs and pull them from the fowl to draw out the tendons. Take a very sharp-pointed knife and raise the flesh, first from the lower part of the backbone and also from the end of the breastbone, then gradually work the knife to the socket of the thigh, detach the joint from it, and take the end of the bone firmly in the fingers. Cut the flesh clean from it down to the next joint, pass the point of the knife carefully round it, then when the skin is loosened in every part cut round the next bone, keeping the edge of the knife close to it till the whole of the leg is done. Proceed in the same way with the other leg, then detach the flesh from the back and breastbone so as to enable you to reach the upper joints of the wings. Proceed with these as with the legs, and be careful not to pierce the skin of these second joint. Do not bone the pinions. The neck-bones and merry thought should now be cut away, the back and side bones taken out, and the breastbone separated carefully from the flesh. By this time the fowl will be turned inside out; it must now be turned right side out, and the legs and wings drawn back to their proper form. Fill up the fowl with forcemeat and truss it in the usual way. It may be boiled, roasted, or stewed; but it must be very gently cooked, or it is liable to burst.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.—To every single pound of flour allow half the weight in butter, a quarter the weight in sugar. Say you had 1 lb. flour, you would require $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar. Put the flour and sugar in a heap on the baking board, and mix them together a little. Then make a well in the centre of them for the butter. If the weather is cold and the butter firm melt it a little, but do not let it become oily, or your cake will not be good. Having added the butter, mix all together, rubbing with the tips of your fingers at first till the mixture becomes adherent. Work it then with your hands into a solid mass, and turn it about to get it into a round shape. When you have got it kneaded quite smooth flatten it (with your hands) into a cake or cakes about an inch thick, then put it on a dry, shallow tin, or baking sheet, prick it all over with a fork, and pinch it round the edges with your finger and thumb to make a nice border to it. Bake in a slow oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of

an hour, and after it is baked allow it to remain on the tin for a minute or two, just to harden after coming out of the oven. When liked, a few thin strips of candied peel, or some comfits, may be placed on the top of the shortbread before it is put in the oven.

CURRENT BUN.—Set bread to rise over night as usual and as soon as the dough is ready in the morning, work into it $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, then put in a deep basin, cover it over with a woollen cloth, set it by the fire to rise—it will take from 1 to 2 hours. The fruit is best prepared before hand, 2 lbs. best raisins, stoned and cut in halves; 2 lbs. best currants, picked, washed, and dried; 1 lb. almonds, blanched and chopped; the grated rinds of one fresh orange and one fresh lemon. Mix the spice with the sugar in a separate basin. 1 lb. moist sugar, a saltspoonful salt, 2 nutmegs grated, 1 oz. each of ground ginger, allspice, and cloves. Rub all together thoroughly, then add to the fruit, and mix all together again. When the dough has well risen, cut off about $\frac{1}{4}$ of it, and put it to one side, and work the remainder of it amongst the fruit and spice. When the whole forms a compact mass, take your tin (or tins, for this quantity will make a large-sized bun), butter the tin well, and press the mixture into it to give it a shape. Then roll out the small piece of dough (smooth and rather thin,) and empty the cake from the tin right into the centre of this. Fold the sheet of dough all round the cake so as to completely cover it. Cut off all superfluous edges, and put the cake back again into the tin, taking care to put the smoothest side uppermost. Prick it all over the top with a fork, and with a long skewer pierce the cake right to the bottom in several places. Then brush over with beaten egg, and bake in a moderate oven for two to three hours.

MINCE PIES.—The mince must be made beforehand, and kept in a covered jar till required; and it is the better for standing some time. But if a quantity is required in a hurry, I have found it a good plan to put the jar of freshly-prepared fruit &c., (all except the brandy) into a cool oven, and let it remain there for two or three hours. This plan certainly makes the "mince" more digestible. Take 2 lbs. beef suet, finely minced: 2 lbs. of apples pared, cored, and stewed with 2 table-spoonfuls of water, and then allowed to cool; 2 lbs. best raisins stoned and chopped small, 2 lbs. best currants, picked, washed, and dried; $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. mixed candied peel, chopped small, 2 lbs. best currants, picked washed, and dried, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. mixed candied peel, chopped very small: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. soft brown sugar, 2 grated nutmegs, a teaspoonful salt, the grated rind and the juice of one fresh lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ground ginger, do. cloves, do. allspice. Mix all together thoroughly—the dry spice being mixed previously with the salt and sugar. Moisten with 2 wineglassfuls brandy and 2 of sherry, (which preserves as well as flavors); put all in a clean jar, and keep in a dry place. Patty tins are to be lined with good puff paste, a spoonful of the mixture put on top of each, then the pies to be covered over with paste, and the rough edges trimmed. Brush the tops with white of egg as soon as the pies come out of the oven.

COCOANUT CAKE.—This is very delicious, and if covered with chocolate icing after it is baked, or even with plain icing, it makes a very pretty dish on the tea-table. Put $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fine sugar in a basin, beat them to a cream, add three well-beaten eggs and a little milk (the cocoanut milk in preference if fresh cocoanuts are used, but the dessicated nut answers equally well), and stir in by degrees $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fine flour, mixed with 1 teaspoonful baking powder, and 3 oz. grated cocoanut. Flavor with vanilla or with rosewater. Butter a small caketin, pour in the mixture, then lay a thick piece of white paper (buttered) over the top to prevent scorching. Bake in a brisk oven. Chocolate icing should be used for the above.

CHEESE BALLS.—Any pieces of dry cheese which may accumulate in the house should be finely grated, and two ounces mixed with the beaten whites of two eggs, and flavored with cayenne and salt. Form the mixture into small balls; eggs, and bread crumb these, and drop them into boiling friture: fry till they are a golden brown, and serve on slices of toast. Better, if coated with savoury bread crumbs.

Household Information.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

It is always easy to get a variety of pretty palatable eatables for the little folks when they gather their friends around them for an evening. I never have any difficulty with a gathering of young folks, and I set my own fashions as to their entertainment. On arrival (about five o'clock) I set them round a large table, covered with tea-cakes and buns of every possible variety of shape and colour. A "handed-round" tea is neither kindly nor comfortable, so I put in all my leaves in the telescope-table, and never ask more than can sit comfortably round it, otherwise there is spilling and damage to chairs and dresses, and everything disagreeable should be made impossible at a "children's party." Little boys are apt to be quarrelsome even when in company dress; so I distribute bigger girls among them to act as amateur "monitors," and see that they get plenty to eat, without taking more than their share. Money goes a long way in tea-bread, and you can fill all your cake baskets and biscuit-boxes for a very moderate sum.

After tea we go into the drawing-room, and begin our games at once, as it is pitiful to see a roomful of little people sitting with long faces, wondering what they have been brought from their own homes for. A fine game to begin with is "rope game." I used to play it myself when a girl with young college lads, who are now professors, ministers, and doctors, with grey hair or bald heads, instead of the curly locks that shook as their owners darted out and in the magic circle. One stands in the middle, and all the others hold on by a rope, which is large enough to form a ring at which most of the children can find room. The fun is for the imprisoned one to touch any hand while grasping the rope, and no one may let go both hands at once on pain of a forfeit. It is amusing to see the swiftness with which fingers are lifted when the middle hand is held above them. An unexpected dive is generally made at a remote section of the circle, and many a girlish soft hand blushes rosy red as the hard, boyish slap comes down heavily on it. But the fun becomes fast and furious, and all are good friends before it is done, and the "party" is an assured success. Then musical chairs come in well after a little rest, and maybe a recitation or a song. A dance may follow, if possible, of stirring nature—"Haymakers," or "Triumph," or some such joyous, unaffected motion, for ceremonious dances are not suited for merry little limbs, and fun is better than flirtation for tiny maidens. Then I ask my little guests to play for the dances, as a "hired pianist" is never asked to my homely parties. If girls cannot play simple music in good time, their parents' money has been wasted all the years during which they have had lessons. And, besides, it is good for a girl to give pleasure as well as get it; and to see her friends enjoying a dance while she sits still. Another game we play is "Up Jenkins." The players sit round a smallish table and chose sides. Then a threepenny-piece is held under the table in the hands of one till the opposite side cry "Up, Jenkins." In a moment all hands must be spread flat on the table (being previously all under it) with the coin hidden under the palm of one. The opposing side try to guess which hand it is under, and the faces of the players are a study as they try to hold their fingers naturally, and yet look unconscious of the whereabouts of the hidden treasure. The side that guesses correctly for a given number of times wins the game. I always

have supper early—about nine o'clock. Fruit of all sorts, sandwiches, confections (preferably chocolate preparations). We generally have a chorus-song before parting, all together; and we are never later than half-past ten o'clock. And as my party does not cost me more than I can afford, I say good-night with a light heart, and promise my guests another before the season is over.

ABOUT THE BABIES.

It does not require expensive toys or fine dresses to make children happy.

Active children soon tire of their amusement. It requires a great deal of forethought to find pleasing employment for them: but they should be kept busy.

Dress children in simple clothing. Cover them with a large gingham and let them play. In warm weather let them dig in the garden—make mud pies even. They will enjoy it wonderfully, and all the harm it can do is to soil their clothes.

A good way to amuse children on a rainy day is to provide them with some dull-rounded scissors and an old magazine, and let them cut out the pictures. Don't be afraid it will litter the room. It is clean dirt, and they can be taught to pick it all up.

On wash days little girls should be provided with a small tub and wash-board, so that they can wash their doll's clothes. It will be a source of pleasure to them. A large oilcloth apron should be worn on such occasions. They should also have their own irons and be taught to iron their doll's clothes. It would not be long before a little girl, thus taught, may be brought to help her mother by ironing handkerchiefs and towels.

On a bake day provide your little girl with a small roller and board and little pieces of dough. Some mothers may object to this, but let them think a moment of the days of long ago, when they were children and remember what infinite pleasure such play was to them. And O, how very soon must the real take the place of the play.

Teach your children to sew. Give them small pieces of calico and muslin and teach them to cut and make little garments for their dolls. They will learn from this early practice. I found it a great help to me in fashioning out garments for my babies. I scarcely knew when I did learn.

A small blackboard should be hung within the reach of the little ones; it will while away many an hour. They should be taught to draw and make letters.

When your children get into trouble and come to you with their tale of sorrow, listen to them, soothe and comfort them. Do not force yourselves into their confidence, but if they give it, never betray it.

When a child cries for anything that he should not have, never parley with him or bribe him. The mother, knowing what is best for the child, should compel obedience.

If children behave badly at the table, quietly remove them. Their desire for food will soon bring them to terms.

Every one in the house suffers more or less from a rude, bad-tempered child, but those who are taught to be obedient and kind, what pleasure we take with them!

It is very wrong to deceive a child. Let them learn to have implicit faith in your word. Be slow in saying you will punish them, but if you do say so, keep your word. Never correct them in the presence of a third person. If he cries on being punished, don't make him stop immediately, the child must have some vent.



Written for THE QUEEN.

THE DREAMER.

I sing of a hero, till now all unsung,
Whose field is the future, whose forte is his tongue :
The coming man, since he is still over due,
The wonderful youth who is going to do,
'Tis amazing the things he is going to do !
There's no end to the things he is going to do !
There has naught been attempted yet under the blue
Compared with what this man is going to do.

There's nothing too hard for him, nothing too high,
What though weeks, months and years may go fruitlessly by :
That's nothing : of course—he's no plodder like you ;
But wait till you see what he's going to do.
It's astonishing what he is going to do !
The amount of hard work he is going to do !
He has it all planned—and a time table, too,
When once he begins what he's going to do.

So through life he goes, this brave hero of mine,
Still dreaming how grandly some day he will shine ;
With yesterdays many—to-morrows grown few,
He still talks of what he is going to do.
And his will it dies out while he's going to do,
Opportunity flies while he's going to do ;
And people remark with a faint smile of rue,
" I hear the old man is still going to do."

—JESSIE K. LAWSON.

Written for THE QUEEN.

THE MICE ANGELS.

BY STUART HETHAWAY.

THE day was cold and rainy. The storm drove at a steady pace, now and then whistling fiercely around the house corner, where a little attic window curtain had waved a welcome to it through the half open window and had gotten only a drenching for its pains. Now the curtain flopped comically out in the rain, all its starched whiteness ruined, looking no better than a common rag, with the eaves-drippings running all over it. Finally it ceased and hung limp and heavy upon the window-sill.

Perhaps it was disheartened by the rich children who laughed at it as they trotted home from school, secure in their long rubber cloaks. Really they looked funnier than the curtain, the wee things, clad in their sober waterproofs like baby nuns. They laughed at the little attic curtain, then smiled at each other. Then they climbed the beautiful white stone steps of the grand house across the way, turned the bronze door-knob, swung the great door open and disappeared from sight. Presently, however, their bright faces were to be seen at the window peeping through the lace drapery. With them was a

lovely lady in a long gown of soft grey. " See ! " the children seemed saying, " Only see that curtain out there in the rain ! "

This must have been more than the curtain could bear, for it snapped and tore around in the wind and at last flew back into the room with such an angry flap that it doubled itself upon its upper half, an being starchy and wet, stuck there and dried, and afterwards had to be pulled down.

Now the wind changed and the rain began to come in at the window. It wet the meal-barrel that stood near by, but that did not matter, for there was nothing in it. There was something going to be in it however, and that right soon, for when the storm ceased raging a moment to take breath, a low, woody sound could be heard, which told of a little mother mouse who was gnawing through the boards of the wall straight into the meal-barrel. Already the hole was big enough to slip her tail through, and a little more and then four mice popped into the barrel and fell with four thuds to the bottom. Alas ! disappointment, grief. The barrel had been emptied, scraped, turned upside down and shaken. Only a delicious tormenting fragrance of meal remained.

A mouse is not aesthetic, and cannot dine on an odor, however delicate it may be. Its hunger craves something of more substance. Madame Mouse was forced to scramble back to her hole and go in search of food, leaving her little ones imprisoned in the barrel. Down the wall she scampered and out into the street. A moment she crouched in the gutter and then, bounding swiftly across, she vanished into the cellar of the grand stone house. By a mysterious route she reached the pantry, where the remains of a delicious dinner lay heaped upon dishes in a small cupboard. What a glorious relief to an anxious mother-mouse's breast ! But sometimes, when we seem on the very height of triumph, when we have conquered all earthly obstacles, death suddenly descends upon us and crushes us low. Poor little mother mouse ! Caught in a cruel trap which lay hidden there, she struggles, gasps and dies, heroically losing her life in an attempt to find food for her starving offspring.

* * * * *

" Poor little mousie,—dead ! " murmurs the rich baby, pityingly.

" Ugh, the nasty thing ! give it to the cat. Here Snowball, you beauty, you shall have a mouse."

* * * * *

Over at the old house, in the room under the attic which contained the meal-barrel, lay a sick child. Two neighbors who were going to stay through the night sat watching the bed. The tired mother was sleeping on the floor in the other room, for the old-fashioned bed in which the baby lay was the only one the house possessed.

Out of doors it had stopped raining, and the sun having put on a garment of royal crimson, was peering into the room trying to give a glow of health to Baby Rose's cheeks. But

neighbor Dobson did not understand its mission, and pulled the curtains together to shut it out, till, the sun, not to be baffled, shot a beam through a hole in the muslin, directed to Rose's cheek.

"I'll fix it," said neighbor Annerly, and she brought a newspaper and pinned it over the curtains.

Bye-and-bye the mother awoke, and brought in a bit of bread and a pot of weak tea, the best supper she could afford. She bent over the suffering child and kissed her hot face.

"Oh, if I could only pay a doctor to make my darling well again!" she moaned.

At this the two women shook their heads at each other wisely.

"She's past any help now," said neighbor Annerly, after Rose's mother had left the room, "for the dogs on the street have howled for two nights past, and that's a sure sign of death."

"I've known signs to fail sometimes," replied Mrs. Dobson, hopefully.

"We'll see, we'll see," responded the other.

For a long while the two women knitted in silence. A small lamp now burned dimly beside them. Everything was quiet. All the world had gone to bed. Even little Rose had stopped tossing and lay still almost as death.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Dobson, suddenly. "What is that?"

A soft, thud, thud, thud, came on the ceiling above their heads.

"Listen!" whispered the other woman, dropping her knitting into her lap.

For a few seconds there was silence; then again came the sound, thud, thud, thud. The two women sat bolt upright, straining their ears to catch the sound. A third time there came a dull thud, thud, thud.

Neighbor Annerley clasped her hands over her frightened heart and spoke in whispers.

"It's spirits, she said. "They're calling Baby Rose. Hark! three raps! that's just what it is."

For a long time they sat and listened. At regular intervals the raps came, always three soft, gentle thuds in quick succession, and then a pause. At last, growing accustomed to the sound, the neighbors resumed their knitting. All night long the raps continued, but when the darkness disappeared they went with it.

Then the world began to wake up. Carts rattled through the street, whistles blew, bells rang, the street became full of passengers and the day had fairly begun.

"Say nothing about this to her; it would only worry her," whispered Mrs. Dobson, when Rose's mother entered the room at the first gleam of dawn. Mrs. Annerly agreed and soon after

the two went to their homes to pass the day in making up lost sleep and in gossiping over the events of the night.

All day long the mother toiled at the washboard and watched little Rose. Money she must have for rent and for bread, for the meal-barrel—that blessed meal-barrel was entirely empty. When night came again, tired almost to death, she dragged herself back and forth between the ironing-board and Rose's bed. Tears sprinkled the rich white dresses that other people's children would wear.

"God" she sobbed softly, "dear God, the price of one of these would save my baby's life," and with weak trembling fingers she hastened to finish ironing the delicate embroidery.

"If I can only get them done to-night, I can go out and get the money when the good neighbors come," she was thinking.

Just then there came a wail from the other room. The

woman hurried to the bedside. Dear little suffering darling! What one of the other mothers was as rich as she after all? How she loved every twisting, yellow curl! How tenderly she looked into those big eyes, so blue, and now—oh so dim and sad! She kissed the rosebud mouth that had given the child her name. This rare jewel, more priceless than any worn by lady of wealth or rank—what if—oh pitying Father, what if she should lose it!

A strong odor wafted into the room and startled the woman from



FOR A LONG WHILE THE TWO WOMEN KNITTED IN SILENCE.

her reverie of grief into which these thoughts had sunken her. What was it? Something burning? With nervous haste she rushed back to the kitchen. When Rose's moan had called her from her work, she had left the iron where it stood on a dainty dress. Now, from the midst of fine embroidery, a great brown scorch stared her in the face. Here was more damage than a week's work could repay. In despair she began sobbing bitterly. At that moment the two neighbor women came in to stay again through the night.

* * * * *

There was a child at the rich man's house who was very like Baby Rose. This was Angelo, who wore a velvet frock and a broad lace collar tied with pretty silk cord and tassels. Angelo's cheeks were pink too, but with the glow of health, not of fever, and the tangles in his yellow curls had knotted themselves there in merry play, not in restless tossing on a pillow. Angelo stood the next evening holding the lace curtains apart in his round, white fists, peering through the twilight across the street.

"Where does the baby live that's going to die to-morrow?" he asked his sister thoughtfully. "Nursie said that the angels

were coming for her to go and live in God's house with little Stella, way way up in the sky where the stars are."

He was a dreamer, this baby, and could fancy angels with wings, living in a great house in the sky.

"Nursie doesn't know just when people are going to die. Nobody knows but God. Mamma said so," said his sister, with an air of superior knowledge.

"But Nursie said that the angels knocked on the wall and told the mamma that her baby was going to die," insisted Angelo. "The baby will see the little mouse that died in the trap, when she goes to heaven, won't she sister?"

"Mice don't go to heaven, you gooseie."

"Where *do* the dead ones go then?"

"I don't know. They just die, I guess. Ask mamma."

Bye-and bye the lights were lit and shone out into the street through the many-colored panes of glass that Rose loved to watch at night. Little fairy lamps with shades of blue and pink were set in the dining-room, and under their soft light the family gathered for tea.

"Now, Angelo," said the little sister, "What were you going to ask mamma?"

Angelo hung his head. He was always forgetting what he had been told to remember, and was conscious of his fault.

"Oh!" A bright look covered his face. "Do mouseie angels have wings mamma?"

Everybody laughed. Angelo's sensitive lip quivered, but mamma's kind voice came to his assistance.

"Can't you help him remember, sister?"

"Why, we were talking about that baby, mamma, that Nurse said was going to die, and Angelo wanted to know where a mouse goes when it dies; and mamma, how can Nurse know just when anyone is going to die? You said only God knew."

"What baby is it, dearie, that Nurse has been telling about?"

"I know, mamma," put in one of the older children, eager to tell the story, "It's Mrs. Schwartz's across the street. Nurse said that two nights ago, Little Rose Schwartz was awfully sick and the spirits came and rapped three times on the ceiling, and that was a sign she was going to die in three days. Last night, Nurse says, they only rapped twice."

"Nurse has no business telling the children such nonsense as that," interposed papa, laying down his evening paper which he had been reading, as was his habit, at the supper table. "I shall have something to say to her about it."

After putting the little ones to bed that evening, Nurse came down trembling, and somewhat in a huff.

"Indeed sir," she said, "the story's true, every word of it, or I shouldn't be telling of it. Mrs. Annerly was there herself, and she told it to me over the fence when she was helping her girl put out the washing this morning."

Papa frowned. "It's all a piece of nonsense and superstition," said he. "Your friend may have heard something, but spirits—bah!"

"What sort of a woman is this Mrs. Annerly, and what did she hear?" queried mamma gently.

"She's an old friend of mine, ma'am. that's a widow and lives on Sidling street, so that the corner of her back yard just comes up to ours. She's a good woman, the kindest hearted that ever lived. Her children are all grown up, so that she don't have much to do, and she just helps her neighbors whenever there's any sickness. Mrs. Schwartz,—the washerwoman's little girl's been sick now 'most a week, and Mrs. Annerly goes over every night to sit up with her because Mrs. Schwartz has to work hard all day long doing washings and ironings. They're

awful poor, that is, Mrs. Schwartz is, and Mrs. Dobson and Mrs. Annerly both stays nights there. It was two nights ago they heard the raps first; three of 'em at once on the ceiling, and they heard'em over and over again ever so many times' Mrs. Annerly, she believes in spirits, and she says she's heard of them rapping a certain number of times before a person died, and that number would be just the number of days they were going to live, and there would be one less rap every night till they died."

"What stuff!" said papa, rather angrily. "I can't have the children's heads crammed with such superstition."

But mamma drew him aside. "Nurse is too valuable to be sent away," she said. "Wouldn't it be better to see first whether or not the story is true and then may be we can make her realize her own foolishness. That would be doing her a good as well as the children, for now that they have once heard the story it must be disproved if possible."

"H'm, perhaps so," replied papa.

"At any rate, continued mamma, "if the woman is poor she must have help. I don't believe she has had a doctor for the child. I remember the little thing. She is beautiful, so like our little Stella."

"No, ma'am," put in the nurse, "she hasn't had the doctor."

Papa pulled on his overcoat.

"I'm going down town, Mary," said he, "and I'll step in at the doctor's office and send him up. You had better not go over until you hear from him, for if the child has a fever, it may be contagious"

* * * * *

Rose's mother, exhausted as usual with grief and hard work, lay asleep on a quilt that had been thrown down on the floor. She had not yet seen the owner of the scorched dress, but had collected a little money from some of her other patronesses which she hoped would cover the loss. A sharp knock on the door now aroused her. She opened it and a well-dressed man stepped in.

"There is a sick child here, I believe," he said, at the same time placing a small leathern case which he had been carrying, on the table.

"Oh, are you a doctor?" For a moment a flood of thankfulness filled the woman's heart. Then she recollected herself and said piteously, "I cannot pay you. I have no money."

"I am already paid," replied the doctor kindly.

A few minutes' examination satisfied him that the fever was not infectious, and he bade Mrs. Dobson carry the news across the street. Mamma and Nurse donned shawls and hastened across to see what Rose and her mother might be in immediate need of. Mamma soon drew out the whole story of the years of misfortune and poverty, and dealt out kindly sympathy and consolation. She promised to see the lady whose dress had been so badly burned, saying that she was a kind-hearted woman, and would probably forgive the mishap at mamma's request.

Bending over Baby Rose's bed, great tears gathered in mamma's eyes, while Nurse and the doctor, remembering that Angelo's little twin sister, Stella, had died but a few months before, were silent out of respect for her sorrow.

So still were they for a moment that a sound was heard which had not been audible before. This was a single low thud which came at long intervals on the ceiling above them.

"What is that noise?" asked mamma, at length, raising her eyes and listening.

Mrs. Annerly took it upon herself to explain. "It's the spirits ma'am," she said in an impressive whisper. "This is the third night they've rapped."

A great smile spread over the doctor's face. "Spirits," said he, merrily stirring a few drops of aconite in a cup of water, "Here's something that will scare them away." So giving careful directions concerning the medicine, he drew on his gloves and hastened away, leaving nurse in charge.

Spirits or not, dear little Rose was certainly better in the morning, so that when mamma came back from a morning visit she promised that the younger children should take something over to amuse the invalid in the afternoon. The little girl took her best doll, but Angelo chose Snowball, the fluffy Angora cat, and lest she should soil her dainty white feet in the mud, he bravely lugged her over in his arms though she was a heavy load.

When they went into Rose's room, mamma told them to be very still and listen. Presently they heard a low sound like a soft ball dropping on the floor above them. The sound was very faint indeed, more so than the night before.

"That, children," said mamma, is what nurse called 'spirits' raps.'

"Are there angels up there, mamma?" queried Angelo.

"There is something there, dearie, that makes the noise, I don't know just what it is."

"Then the angels didn't take Rose away last night, as they said they would. Are angels ever naughty, mamma?" But mamma was busy and didn't hear.

For a while Angelo amused himself making Snowball curl down on the bed, and when this was accomplished, leaving Rose supremely happy with the kitty purring beside her, he set off on an exploring expedition. In the hall he found some narrow stairs.

"Mrs. Schwartz, where do those upstairs go to?" he asked, coming to the ironing board.

"Up to the attic, dear," responded that happy woman.

After a pause he inquired, "What's an attic, Mrs. Schwartz?"

"Run upstairs, if you want to, child, and you'll see."

This was just what Angelo did want. He stayed up there a long time, looking into dark corners up under the eaves, and climbing over empty boxes. Finally he came down with his

brows contracted in deep thought. The doctor was there, and he and mamma were laughing about "the spirits." Angelo went to them.

"Mamma," said he, "those angels are upstairs in a barrel."

"Why, what do you mean, Angelo?" said mamma, perplexed.

"They are, mamma, I heard them," repeated the child.

Mamma started upstairs, and the children, the doctor, and Mrs. Schwartz followed. Angelo led the way across the attic to the empty meal-barrel that stood near the window, and kneeling down, he put up one tiny finger and said "Hush"

Every one listened. Sure enough! from the inside of the barrel there came one gentle thud and then all was still.

The doctor raised the lid carefully. As he did so a tiny mouse ran part way up the side of the barrel, and then fell back, making a curious hollow sound when it struck the bottom. There it lay, weak and panting, its small eyes glistening like wet beads. Beside it lay two other mice, dead. Near the top of the barrel, higher up than the young mice could climb, was a gnawed hole which told the story. It was indeed a tragedy. The poor little imprisoned creatures, hungry and weak, had repeatedly tried to reach the hole through which they had entered the barrel. Failing each time, they had fallen back again and again, making those curious sound which had been heard below in the silence of night. One and then another had died of starvation and exhaustion, and the third now crouched with its jet eyes riveted in terror on the doctor's face, when suddenly—oh cruel Snowball! the tragedy was completed.

The children listened with sober faces while the doctor explained the death of the mice, and, naughty Snowball having gotten away with her prize, they tenderly agreed to have a funeral and bury the other two.

"Poor little mice," said mamma, "but for you we might never have known of Baby Rose's illness."

"And she might have died," added Mrs. Schwartz, "but now I am sure she will get well and strong again."

Angelo found one more treasure in the attic. It was a young bat which he caught fluttering up under the eaves. He brought it reverently to his mother.

"I've found a mousie angel, mamma," he said softly, "and it has wings."



Written for THE QUEEN.

ALL ABOUT A BIT OF CHALK.

DON'T mean those chalk pencils which you can buy in boxes, and which are chemically manufactured for the use of schools, but the little chunk of common chalk which a carpenter uses to chalk his line with. A very common, uninteresting thing it is, but like most common things it has a history which invests it with peculiar interest, which makes us look at it with much the same reverence with which we regard relics of the most remote antiquity. To the celebrated scientist, Professor Huxley, we are indebted chiefly for what we know about it.

It is old,—ever so much older than Adam, being nothing less than a chip off the foundations of the earth, laid ages upon ages ago; for long before man appeared chalk was made and is still continuing to be made. Some of you have seen and all of you have heard of the mighty Atlantic Ocean, which divides the New World from the Old; and which in some places is so deep that Mount Blanc if dropped into it would not show its peak above the surface. Well, the whole bottom of that Atlantic is a vast plain of chalk, covered by a bed of soft gray mud, which is also chalk, not yet hardened. All over the world this chalk is found; in Europe, Asia and Africa; the white cliffs at Dover from which England takes the name of Albion are chalk; the city of Paris is built upon chalk.

And now we come to what it really is; what it is made of. Do you think you can realize that that vast mass of chalk which forms the Atlantic floor, to say nothing of the thousands of miles of it all over the globe, is composed of the petrified bodies of innumerable tiny things, which come to life in the sea, float about awhile, live their own life, and die, and sink down, down, down; so slowly that it takes years to reach their burial place, which in some places is from 10,000 to 15,000 feet deep? Can you realize that for ages and ages before the first man appeared upon the earth countless myriads of these tiny things went on living and dying and falling to the bottom and becoming hardened into that friable white substance which we call chalk? These tiny creatures

are mere particles of living jelly, lighter than the lightest dust, without mouths, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs; and yet capable of feeding, growing, multiplying and dying; of drawing into itself the carbonite of lime which is in the water, and out of which grows the skeletons or shells which help to make chalk; for chalk when analyzed is simply carbonic acid gas and lime, or as chemists call it, carbonite of lime.

And this is how you can find this out. If chalk is heated to a high degree the carbonic acid gas will fly away and there will

be only lime left. If again you scrape some chalk down fine into a good quantity of strong vinegar, it will bubble and sizzle for a little, and then there will remain only a clear liquid. In this experiment you see the carbonic gas going off in the bubbles, the lime dissolved in the vinegar vanishes from sight.

The way the history of chalk was found out was by sounding the Atlantic with a lead having an attachment to which the mud stuck. This whitey grey mud was dried and put under the microscope, which revealed the corpses of these little jelly fish of all sizes and in all stages of petrification. The species is called *Giobigerna*, and the scientists soon found out that these were exactly the same as found in the great chalk cliffs and other like formations all over the world.

You think of this, and the next time you take a piece of chalk in your hand, try to calculate of how many millions of these little creatures it must have been composed. Think of its great antiquity, older than Adam, older than the strange animals that roamed the great forests in the first of time, as old probably, as some of those stars which you see twinkling in at your bedroom window of a clear summer night. By and by, when we tell you about some other things which you have considered so common as to be unworthy of notice, you will come to think that there is nothing common or worthless in this wonderful world of God.

J. K. L.



ONE OF UNCLE JOE'S NIECES.

Written for THE QUEEN.

COCOANUTS.

COCOA Palm is perhaps the most graceful of all trees, and its fruit, the most useful of all the treasures that Mother Nature offers to her children. Starting from its original home in India it has wandered into every tropical land until now it covers millions of acres, and every year, there ripen billions of cocoanuts.

Along the coasts of Florida the wild cocoanut has grown for years, and scientific men have found that the soil and climate is well adapted to the culture of the plant.

A number of Northern capitalists have determined to try some experiments in that line, and within the past few years, have planted more than three hundred thousand cocoanuts along the Florida coast. The process of planting, and the growth of the infant trees, is exceedingly interesting. The nuts that are to be planted are placed under cover in great heaps, and left in the darkness until ready to sprout. Then holes are dug, three feet deep, and perhaps twenty feet apart, and into each hole is placed one nut. Covered with soil they are left until time shall come to their aid. The process of sprouting in the cocoanut seed is wonderfully interesting. Just beneath the largest eye of the nut is a small, white kernel, shaped like a tiny mushroom, and in this small germ is imprisoned the life of a future tree. It is soft and tender, and soon begins to reach out, slowly gaining more and more strength until at last the woody fibre gives way, and like an imprisoned fairy, the tendril springs out into the light. But a part of the magic force shoots downward to form the roots, and both cling to the parent nut for sustenance until the entire shell is filled with a round, ball-like substance, that is the congealed milk of the cocoanut. From it the new-born plant receives its food until the parent nut becomes exhausted, and like other parents, is deserted by her fast-growing child, and left a dead mass of useless fibre.

Stronger grows the Palm tree, sending its roots down deep into the dark earth, until it is so firmly planted that the fiercest tornado cannot wrench it from its place. On it grows climbing higher and higher toward the blue skies of the tropics, until when five or six years have passed by, it exults in a stature of fifty or sixty feet, and begins to bear great quantities of delightful nuts.

The cocoanut is a salt-loving plant and can never flourish away from the sea. "Through the center of the trunk is a soft,

fibrous heart which furnishes the life of the tree, and acts as a great pump in forcing to the young nuts the amount of water necessary for their welfare. This fibrous heart has a wonderful filtering power, for no matter where the tree may stand, either upon the beach, or in the malarial swamps near pools of stagnant water, when Nature has done her work, she deposits in the cocoanut, a sparkling liquid, clear as crystal, and cool as if drawn from the deepest wells in "our yards." Like the orange, the cocoanut tree blooms, and bears at the same time. The arrangement for protecting the tender nuts is a striking example of the care with which Nature guards young life. "Appearing at the base of the long ragged leaves is a sheath, green in color, and standing erect until its own weight bends it downward, where it hangs until the stems it encloses are strong enough to bear the young nuts, and sufficiently matured to need no more protection. When this outer sheath bursts open, it reveals a cluster of ragged stems, upon each of which are small cocoanuts, that will still require about fourteen months to attain perfection."

The flowers of the cocoanut tree are very beautiful, hanging in clusters, and a silky white color, soon changing to yellow.

Like every other object of value, the cocoanut has many enemies, and has to fight for its existence. Hurricanes twist the slender trunks, and tear the leaves and branches from the parent stem, the flying fox goes from tree to tree eating the soft pulp before it hardens, various insects delight in burrowing and stinging the tender leaves, and the "robber-crabs" swarm about the roots and fatten on the young plant. And the natives, or wreckers along the shore, if not closely watched, would destroy the prospects of years to come, for the sake of a few soft nuts to-day,

But our Americans are not easily discouraged, and in spite of tornadoes, and animals and insects, in spite of mischief wrought by sponge-fishers and "wreckers," it will not be long until the Florida Cocoanut will be in as great demand as the Florida Orange.

All along the Southern Coast, where the Gulf stream pours its warm and never-ceasing current, will flourish vast groves of the graceful Cocoa Palm that will allure the wanderer, and open up a new industry to those who seek a home and means of livelihood.

E. A. MATTHEWS.

AT DOT'S HOUSE.

DOT was playing "tea-party" in her playhouse. She had four cookies, and some milk in a cup.

Ditto was swinging on the gate, waiting to be invited.

"Oh, Dot!" he called, "here comes a funny man, and a little tiny man with a red coat on."

It was an organ-grinder with his monkey. He stopped at the gate to play, and the children ran to ask mamma for pennies, and they laughed when the monkey put them in his mouth.

Then the monkey saw the tea-table and walked right into the playhouse, and ate a cookie. He didn't say, "If you please."

"Poor little man!" said Dot; "he is hungry. Perhaps the big man is, too." So she gave all the cookies to the organ-grinder. He smiled and said words that had a queer sound. Then he took the monkey in his arms and went away.

Dot and Ditto played the dolls had had company to tea.

Dot and Ditto play together. They always play in Dot's yard, it is so big and shady.

Under the cherry-tree Dot had a fine play-house and this is the way she got it.

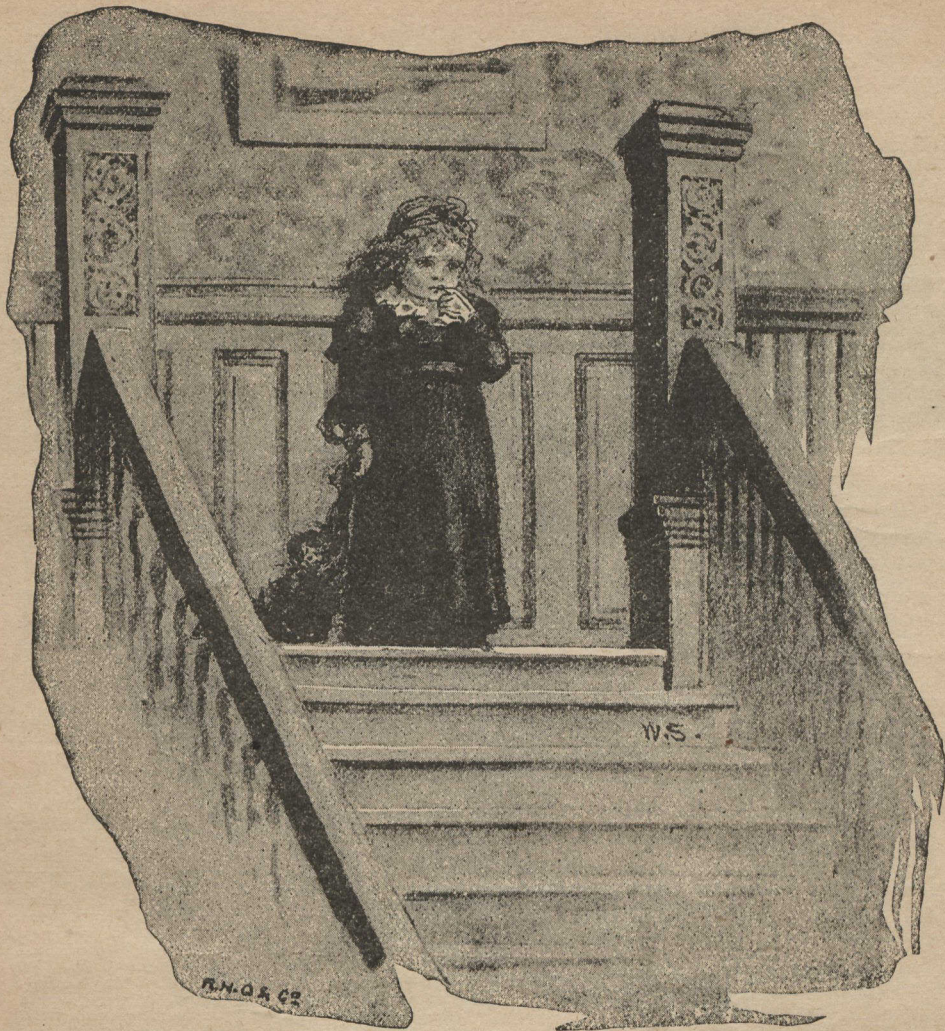
Last spring, when they bought the new piano, the great box it came in was left in the yard.

That day at dinner-time Dot was missing. While mamma was calling and looking for her, Ditto's mother came across the street to say he was lost, too!

There was a great hunt. At last, some one heard two little voices inside the big box, and looked in.

There sat Dot and Ditto playing so busily that they had heard nothing!

After that, Dot's papa moved the box into the pleasant corner under the cherry-tree and the children play in it every day. They call it "Dot's house."



UNKISSED.

"Quick! The car is waiting, Dolly,"—
 "Can't you hold up there a minute?"
 "Going? There's no time for folly!"
 He's aboard the car and in it.

And, upon the stairway landing—
 All her words of love unspoken—
 Tearfully, a child is standing
 With her little heart half broken.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

H. M. NAVAL YARD, ESQUIMALT, B. C., March 19th, 1891.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of an extra prize, a pretty silver after-dinner fruit service (cream and sugar) awarded to me through the generosity of the Publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, and which gave me both surprise and pleasure. All who have seen it, admire it. My father has thought fit to insert a paragraph in local paper (Victoria Times) in reference to its delivery, a copy of which is sent herewith. I am desirous of entering your National History Competition, and enclose coupon for same and answers to February's questions in National History, together with P.O.O. for \$2.00.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
 JAMES P. BERRY.
 BUFFALO, N. Y., March 23, 1891.

SIRS,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of daily prize of a tea set awarded me. THE QUEEN is well worth the dollar's subscription without the extra inducements of such charming prizes as you offer. I am very much obliged.

Yours truly,
 FRANCIS R. GREEN.
 RIDLEY PARK, PA., March 25, 1891.

DEAR SIRS,—A reply to my letter of inquiry of a few days ago has been anticipated by the arrival to day of the silver fruit set. The pieces are very pretty, and I thank you for your generosity.

Yours truly,
 A. L. TAYLOR

ST. ANTHONY PARK, ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 14th, 1891.

Sir,—I beg to thank you for the beautiful tea service, which was awarded me. I am very much pleased, and all of my friends think it very nice. I also like your magazine very much; I think each number grows more interesting. Again thanking you, I remain,
 Yours truly,
 NINA M. WHITMAN.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 26th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—The special prize which was awarded me as "One of the Lucky Ten" has just arrived and has been placed on exhibition. I am well pleased with it and will endeavor to secure you several new subscribers. Many thanks.

Yours truly,
 THEO. GEGOUX.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. March 25, 1891.

GENTLEMEN,—I received the tea service awarded me as a daily prize. It is very satisfactory; please accept my thanks for same. Your magazine is well worth the price.
 Yours truly,
 ARTHUR A. CALL.

DETROIT, MICH., March 26th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—The Tea Service awarded me arrived yesterday and I am very much pleased with it, in fact I think it a lovely prize.

Yours truly,
 Mrs. G. R. VAN NORMAN.



LETTERS TO "UNCLE JOE."

DEAR "UNCLE JOE."—I am very much pleased with the Silver Watch awarded me for the Best Puzzle. I have to congratulate you on giving away such an elegant and expensive prize. Wishing you every success, I remain, yours faithfully, H. J. FRANKLIN, 250 Barnard street, Vancouver, B. C.

DEAR "UNCLE JOE."—Please accept my thanks for the prize, which I received all right. Very Respt., GLENN SPRAGUE, Paxton.

"DEAR "UNCLE JOE."—Please accept my thanks for the book which I received last week. I am very much pleased with it. RENA THOMSON, Windsor.

FEBRUARY PRIZES.

The Prize, a Silver Dessert Service for the best Double Acrostic is awarded to PERCY INGLIS, Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. The Acrostic is given below.

The following receive a beautiful Cloth-bound book for correct answers to Puzzles: James Murphy, 103 S. Carey street, Baltimore, Md.; W. K. Robinson, 118 S. Park street, Syracuse, N. Y.; Ethel Christie, Windsor, N. S.; Bert Sprole, Harrow-smith, Ont.; U. F. S. Preston, Charlotte, Mich.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A herald's coat. 2. A hunting cry. 3. To shape. 4. Clouds piled one above the other. 5. A small fish. 6. A lake in Africa. 7. The King-fisher. 8. To make wet. 9. A State of the American union. 10. At a distance. 11. Wandering. 12. An animal. 13. A combination. 14. A date. 15. A precious stone. 16. A lake in Africa. My *primals* name a valuable publication and my *finals* the country in which it is published.

Ans.—1. Tabar D. 2. Hallo O. 3. Effor M. 4. Cumul I. 5. Albur N. 6. Nigam I. 7. Alced O. 8. Dampe N. 9. Idah O. 10. Aloo F. 11. Nomadi C. 12. Quagg A. 13. Unio N. 14. Epoch A. 15. Emerald D. 16. Nyanz A. THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Dominion of Canada.

PRIZE OFFERS.

To the girl or boy sending in the best Puzzle of any kind this month we will again award a Silver Dessert Service (cream and sugar) and to the first five sending in largest list of correct answers a handsome Cloth-bound book will be given.

1.—HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Lotta was in town to-day. 2. George Braden very kindly assisted her. 3. I saw Hector on Tom's pony. 4. She is washing Tony's clothes. 5. Mont really went to England, did he? 6. I will have Hannibal, Tim or Emma. 7. Let the ladies' basque be cut to fit.

2.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A proper noun. 3. Called. 4. Affording aid. 5. Satisfied. 6. Rivalry. 7. A division of the earth. 8. A sharer. 9. Moist earth. 10. A twig. 11. A letter.

3.—ENIGMA.

My first is in bread, but not in flour;
My second is in mine, but not in your;
My third is in common, but not in rare;
My fourth is in three, but not in four;
My fifth is in ice, but not in water;
My sixth is in book, but not in paper;
My seventh is in one, but not in two;
My eighth is in man, but not in woman;
My ninth is in rat, but not in mouse;
My tenth is in your, but not in mine.

You will see by thinking the matter over that I have been greatly used of late by readers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN.—W. H. GAGUE.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Coverings. 2. A nymph of Paradise. 3. To come in. 4. Four consecutive letters. 5. A noted actress. 6. A very small particle. 7. A girl's name. 8. A French title. 9. A boat impelled by oars. 10. The lion. 11. A Spanish title. 12. An abbreviation of mother. 13. An ancient coin worth about ten shillings. 14. One of a wandering race. *Initials*:—A sobriquet of Sir J. A. Macdonald. *Finals*:—A great Statesman.

5.—SQUARE WORD.

1. White crystals. 2. A title everyone has. 3. A sign. 4. Did go.

6.—ENIGMA.

My first is in carpet, but not in floor;
My second is in many, but not in more;
My third is in none, but not in some;
My fourth is in go, but not in come;
My fifth is in low, but not in high;
My sixth is in scream, but not in cry;
My seventh is in do, but not in try;
My eighth is in wet, but not in dry;
My ninth is in hoe, but not in rake;
My tenth is in river, but not in lake;
My eleventh is in battle, but not in fight;
My twelfth is in day, but not in night;
My thirteenth is in deer, but not in goat;
My fourteenth is in swim, but not in float;
My whole is something that will amuse and instruct.

—PAUL CHARLTON.

7.—DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. The end. 3. An appellation of honor. 4. An interesting picture in an interesting paper. 5. To urge. 6. To terminate. 7. A consonant.

8.—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

In the (capital of Nova Scotia) there lived a man named Mr. (a county of Nova Scotia) who had a son named (a county in New Brunswick) who married (a city in Wisconsin, a State in the United States). They kept (a bay in Cape Breton) which gave plenty of (a river in Montana, a State in the United States), but it was very (a river in Dakota, a State in the United States).

Besides the (bay in Cape Breton) they had (a lake in the North West Territory) one day (the lake in the North West Territory) jumped over a fence and he called the dog named (a cape in Peru in South America), and by the time they caught (the lake in North West Territory), it was time to go (a bay in Baffin Land).

—RHODA CAMERON.

9.—ENIGMA.

My first is in debt, but not in money;
My second is in sad, but not in funny;
My third is in long, but not in short;
My fourth is in down, but not in snort;
My fifth is in heel, but not in foot;
My sixth is in head, but not in boot;
My seventh is in hand, but not in glove;
My eighth is in mad, but not in love;

My whole is something I haven't got, and do not want; yet if I had it, I would not take half of the world for it.—L. B. SAHNN.

10.—PUZZLE.

My first is in mule, but not in horse;
My second is in fine, but not in coarse;
My third is in clover, but not in hay;
My fourth is in July, but not in May;
My fifth is in weep, but not in sigh;
My sixth is in jam, but not in pie;
My seventh is in soft, but not in hard;
My eighth is in butter, but not in lard;

My whole is the name of a man you all know.—THOS. DUNSMORE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH ISSUE.

1.—Ear-nest. (Earnest).
2.—Once there was an Indian chief who was very brave. He could talk French. He had a son named Bad Able. One pleasant day this son went out to hunt bears, but he began to fear lest he should get lost, so he went to Toronto and subscribed for THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

3.—

E
ELK
FLESH
ELEGANT
SOARS
AND
T

F
ELF
FLOAT
FLOWERS
FLEET
ERY.
S

4.—Emerald.
5.—Dominion of Canada.
6.—Victoria Regina, Our Royal Mother.
7.—Egg.

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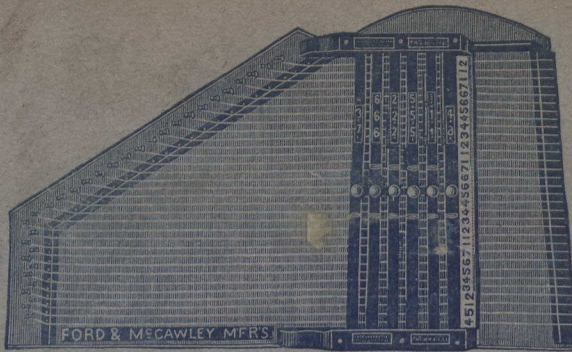
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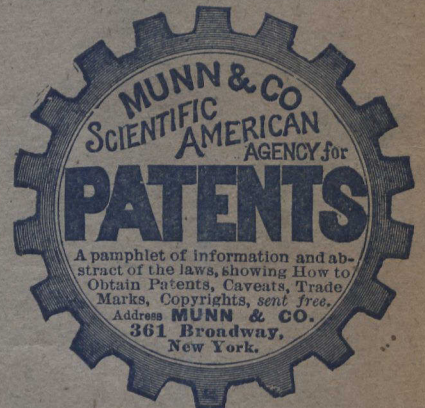
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